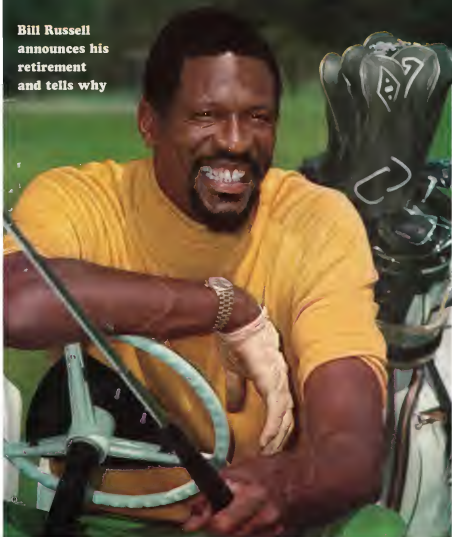


# Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 4, 1968 \$1.00

## I'M THROUGH WITH BASKETBALL

**Bill Russell  
announces his  
retirement  
and tells why**



Had it with hot taste?

Come up to  
the KOOL  
taste



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## Next week

**NAMATH'S FIRST TEST** of the new season comes in Chicago against the O.J.-less College All-Stars, who will try to find what he's made of. Pat Pfann reports on their inquiry.

**THE BEAUTY AND HORROR** of Troon, St. Andrews, Carnoustie and other Scottish golf courses is described by Dan Jenkins, who claims to have overthrown the game centuries ago.

**A WHALE OF A WHALE** is Little Ivey, who wanders around in a wonderful truck. Frank Deford—who has traveled with Ivey—tells the story in a report drenched with whaleude.

# "OUR SCRAP HEAPS CAN BE ALUMINUM MINES"

—David P. Reynolds

Aluminum's scrap value makes it worth collecting and "re-cycling". . .

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So a used all-aluminum beverage can is worth something; it is worth picking up and "re-cycling." If this suggests a way to fight litter to you, it did to the men at Reynolds, too. We are now testing dif-



ferent approaches in two cities, Los Angeles and Miami, and plan to try others in the future.

## Using aluminum's scrap value

Our idea is to encourage community groups to sponsor aluminum can collecting drives, and earn money for worthwhile causes and their own needs. As they raise funds, they help keep their streets, parks, and beaches free of litter.

Aluminum scrap does offer a worthwhile incentive to such organizations: a ton of aluminum, for example,

brings \$200 from dealers, compared with \$20 for steel and \$16 for waste paper. This scrap value is something many industrial users keep in mind when they specify aluminum equipment. They know there's a bonus waiting at the end of the service life of this equipment.

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T CONTENTS 12 FL

# one deux tres vier

## Four tips on how to become an unforgettable American memory.

1. Stop, look and listen. That's the easiest way to encounter a foreign visitor. (And, if you don't encounter one, what will he, she, or perhaps they—*ave* to remember you by?)
2. Prepare to jump a hurdle. What sort of hurdle? Well, let's say you've just stopped, looked and listened in a bustling bus terminal. Your alert eye catches the tentative movement of someone who takes a quick step forward. An even quicker step back. Then stands stock still, looking lost. You're spotted one! Your foreign visitor. And he (or perhaps she) is lost, but too shy to ask directions. And you're just about to offer help. But, suddenly, you can't? You're too shy too? Then that's your hurdle. Jump it. Or simply step across.
3. That's not your hurdle, but you've just run into another? Your English-speaking visitor doesn't understand your answer to his question, even though it was direct and exact? It's probably his ears. Perhaps they're long attuned to British English, or Australian English, or Irish English, and they find your rapid-fire American English difficult to catch. So repeat your answer, slowly.
4. You have no trouble communicating, you just don't know the place he seeks? Take a moment to glance around. And another to dig into your memory. Chances are you do know a Tourist Information Center, or Travelers Aid, or Chamber of Commerce Office and you could take him there.

**One foreign visitor's most unforgettable American memory might easily be you.**



UNITED STATES TRAVEL SERVICE



## FOOTLOOSE

The retreat of the ice has made a new vacationland of Alaska's Glacier Bay

In 1794, when Explorer George Vancouver sailed east through the waters of Alaska's Icy Strait, Glacier Bay was only a dimple in a spectacular and solid wall of ice. Extending 100 miles north into the Saint Elias Range, a glacier plugged the 20-mile-wide trough between the mountains to a depth of more than 4,000 feet.

Since the time of Vancouver's voyage, this vast battle arena between the ice and the deep, silent forest has undergone more natural change than any other chunk of glacial geography on the face of the earth. The glaciers of the northwest Alexander Archipelago are receding faster than any other ice masses in the world. Within the memory of man they have retreated 65 miles from the mouth of Glacier Bay to the snout of Grand Pacific Glacier far up Tarr Inlet.

Until four summers back, only a handful of people each year visited this remote marvel of nature, separated by fjords and mountain ranges from the coast of Alaska and possibly forever beyond reach of the automobile. Fishermen knew it as a great tidal fish trap for halibut, silver and king salmon. A few adventurous yachtsmen ventured beyond Bartlett Cove as their mouth every summer, bearing chairs, ice tables and, usually, a local guide well acquainted with the navigational hazards of these waters. Recentists came, documenting the startling speed with which Glacier Bay's Little Ice Age glaciation is shrinking. Yet even after the national monument was created, in 1925, not more than 500 persons a year were able to visit Glacier Bay.

The picture changed dramatically four years ago when the National Park Service constructed the million-dollar Glacier Bay Lodge, considered by many the most attractive new resort in all of Alaska. An excursion boat, the icebreaker *Sea Crest*, was brought in, and airline flights, scheduled. In the past few summers more people have toured the wonders of the national monument than ever glimpsed the beauty of this ice-secured bay in all the years before.

The wilderness adventure remains, however. The only mark of civilization is at Bartlett Cove, monument headquarters, and the only added feature is ease of visitation. Alaska Airlines schedules five flights daily, four from Juneau, including an early-morning trip by Grumman Goose to the cove at the door of the lodge, and one a day from Sitka. Twin Otters land at Gustavus airstrip, nine miles from Bartlett Cove, and are met by airlines bus for the final leg over rutted road through deep forest.

Glacier Bay Lodge (American plan) accommodates 50 guests, but you must re-

serve well in advance of the season (from June 15 to Sept. 15). An alternative, but less-luxurious, most exciting and often the wildest camping experience that can be imagined, even in Alaska. Although there are no established campgrounds, the monument's sandy, moraine shoreline and exquisite drifts of islands provide unlimited camping and exploring opportunities. You must bring in your own food and gear from Juneau or Sitka, and it should include waterproof clothing.

Arrangements can be made at the lodge for delivery and pickup by charter seaplane or small boat to innumerable fascinating locations for bird and animal watching, geological observation, fishing (the mouths of any of the streams provide excellent fishing for Dolly Varden, and many contain cut-throat trout), photography, hiking and boating by small inflated dinghy, with due regard for weather and the dangers of getting too close to floating ice or tide-water ice cliffs. Icebergs require very little disturbance to upset their balance. Ponderous tide-worn bergs sometimes roll at the light takeoff of seals.

Every morning the *Sea Crest*, a 65-foot Park Service tour boat accommodating 49 passengers, leaves Bartlett Cove on an all-day cruise between the parallel 15,000-foot mountain ranges to headwaters of the bay. Equipped with ironbank hull for pushing through floating ice, the *Sea Crest* chooses its route according to wind and ice conditions. Favored is the 265-foot-high face of Murr Glacier at the upper end of Murr Inlet, where great chunks of ice continually crack off the two-mile-wide snout into the sea, crowding the inlet with icebergs.

Whatever route they take, visitors will see abundant wildlife—multitudes of seabirds and migratory land species, bluefin and killer whales, porpoises, hair seals and sea lions. Mountain goats are spotted on the barren rocky heights, and bears, wolverines, lynx, wolves and coyotes serenade the tidelands. The rare blue glacier bear lives only in this area and inland from Yakutat in the Saint Elias Mountains. From the cruise ship can be seen rivers of flowing ice retreating beyond deposits of rock-strewn moraines of fantastic size, soon to sprout with fireweed and alpine flowers as vegetation moves back in to the ice-scoured arena. On the western shore slumps of 3,000-year-old forests have been revealed just recently by the ponderous swing in climate.

For lodge reservations, charter boat with fishing guide or other service, write Manager Frank Kearns, Glacier Bay Lodge, Glacier Bay National Monument, Gustavus, Alaska 99826. Make travel arrangements to this national treasure through travel agents or Alaska Airlines, Seattle-Tacoma Airport, Seattle, Wash. 98158.

—DOLEY COUNTELY

that the supply is not unlimited—and aluminum usage has been doubling roughly every ten years. This need not be a problem if we capitalize on aluminum's re-usability. Already, an estimated 30% of the world's aluminum is reclaimed or secondary metal. This could be even higher.

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# SCORECARD

## PROPOSAL FROM A PRO

Britain led the way in pressing for open tennis, and now that country, where until recently amateur and professional cricket players were distinguished from each other as "gentlemen" and "players," is plumping for yet another radical departure from tradition. The government's Sports Council would abolish the terms "amateur" and "professional" in all sports. Indeed, Denis Howell, minister for sport, predicted that the Olympic Games might well go open by 1980.

"We all know how many professionals were knocking about in Mexico," he said. "These rules on amateurism were right and valid 20 or 30 years ago, but the integrity of British sporting bodies is being steadily undermined because of these anomalies."

"The International Olympic Committee is a nonelected assembly, an autocracy. I cannot see how this assembly can, whatever its qualities, dictate to democratically elected sports bodies."

The Olympic movement must "put itself right," he went on, "for if it refuses to face the humbug and hypocrisy of what is going on, governing bodies will start to take their own decisions."

A reply from Avery Brundage is expected shortly.

## MILLION-DOLLAR BLUFF

After seeing Cincinnati Catcher Johnny Bench hit a home run in the All-Star Game and come within inches of another, Charles O. Finley, owner of the Oakland Athletics, wrote out a check for \$1 million. He passed it on to Pat Harmon, sports editor of *The Cincinnati Post and Times-Star*, and offered him \$1,000 of the action to serve as his agent in dealing with the Reds for Bench. The offer was "ridiculous," said the Reds' general manager, Bob Howsam. Not only did the Reds not want to sell Bench, they couldn't. The trading deadline (midnight, June 15) is past.

Finley would appear to have a \$1 million fixation. Last winter he called Ewing

Kauffman, Kansas City Royals owner, with a proposal that Kauffman give him \$1 million in return for any player of his choice on the Oakland roster. After thinking it over Kauffman called back and said, "O.K., we'll give you the million. Give us Reggie Jackson." Finley backed down.

Anyway, Pat Harmon has a check for \$1 million signed by Charlie Finley.

## THE VERY SECURE BILLS

Spectators used to stand three and four deep around the Niagara University field when the Buffalo Bills practiced—and one practice scrimmage drew 5,000—but not since John Rauch took over as coach. The Bills now work out in total seclusion.

"I knew that other pro teams had people watching the Buffalo club at almost every workout," Rauch explained. "When I was with the Oakland Raiders we benefited from the Bills being watched. We got a lot of information out of the Bills' camp. In fact, it was common knowledge around the American Football League what Buffalo was doing and what they had."

Bills' employees have been thoroughly indoctrinated in the need for tight security. During the first week of camp a man was noticed talking to a policeman at the entrance gate to the practice field. Rauch saw her and told a ball boy to ask her to come in and sit in the nearby bleachers. The kid ran over to the gate and, strictly from habit, asked the nun to leave.

## BAD BREAKS

If the Krieger sisters had lived a few centuries ago the Salem (Mass.) Lawn Tennis Association might have suspended them (by a rope) for practicing witchcraft. But Sandy and Beth Krieger only practice backhands and twist services, they live in Delaware in 1969 and their good looks are hardly witchlike. But consider what happened to their opponents in the state doubles tournament.

Seeded No. 1, Sandy and Beth drew

a first round bye. They won their next match by default when an opponent arrived with a broken toe. In the third round, the quarter-finals, they took another default victory—another opponent broke another toe. The sisters won the semifinals easily—an opponent defaulted because of a cracked wrist.

So they came up to the finals without hitting a ball. There, justice caught up with them. For lack of practice Sandy and Beth lost, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4.

## CAN A DUCK MARCH?

Back in the days when live ducks were used to decoy their wild fellows into ambush, playful hunters dropped a few of these Judas birds into the ornate lobby fountain of Memphis' Peabody Hotel. The ducks increased and multiplied and became as much a part of Memphis tradition as Beale Street and the blues. Guests gather to watch them daily when, as evening comes on, the ducks get out of the fountain, waddle along a red carpet between a double line of bellboys and into an elevator that takes them to their rooftop coop.



When the Sheraton chain took over the Peabody a few years ago it was feared that corporate humorlessness would end the pleasant custom, but the Sheraton people were much too smart to do anything like that and the ducks still parade—to the music of something called *The Duck March*—no matter what nonsensical convention or exhalated football crowd stands in their path.

Now the ducks are about to make their first personal appearance outside the Peabody lobby. During a Texas League baseball game between the Memphis Blues and the Albuquerque Dodgers they will waddle from a fountain and down their familiar red carpet to home plate. Players of the two teams will replace the bellhops as the honor guard.

#### DARK PROPHECY

Back in 1962, while watching Gaylord Perry in batting practice, Alvin Dark, then manager of the San Francisco Giants, said, "There will be a man on the moon before he hits a home run in the big leagues."

Seven years later, 34 minutes after Neil Armstrong and company landed on the moon, Perry hit his first major league home run, a 375-footer at Candlestick Park against Dodger Claude Osteen.

#### THE RACKET RACKET

Some say the wooden tennis racket is going the way of the penny arcade, Fido and white flannels. In last week's \$25,000 National Clay Courts Championship at Indianapolis the two top-seeded contestants, Arthur Ashe and Clark Graebner, defending champion, used metal rackets. So did several other players.

Ashe, who was clay-court champion in 1967 and seeded No. 1 this year, was testing a new aluminum racket made by the Head Ski Company of Baltimore.

"I may never play with a wooden racket again," he said before the tournament. "I'll be using my new racket in the U.S. Open [when he will defend his title next month at Forest Hills]."

"It has an aluminum shaft and a glass-bubble core made by 3-M. I have a lot of my own ideas in the racket. I have only been using it a week and a half but I can see it solves a lot of problems and it has all sorts of advantages. For one, it doesn't have the trampoline effect or whipliness of the steel racket. Two, it's easier to string."

Ashe also explained that his racket can be custom-made.

"I'm playing with the No. 96," he said. "If I wanted another racket like this one, I could get one that would be almost alike. You can't do that with wooden rackets. No two trees are the same, they say, so there are no two wooden rackets the same."

And Graebner was just as enthusiastic

continued



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## SCORECARD *Continued*

about his Sheffield steel racket made by Revere.

"It has great feel and helps prevent tennis elbow," he said. "The same thing will happen to wooden rackets that happened to wooden shafts in golf. They'll be the more."

Zeljko Franulovic of Yugoslavia eliminated Graehner in straight sets in the semifinals and knocked out Ashe in straight sets in the finals. Franulovic used a wooden racket made by Dunlop.

## END CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION

That ecstatic kid who scores a touchdown and then, in a burst of what might be spontaneous exuberance or planned showboating, tosses the football into the end-zone stands will cost his team 15 yards on the ensuing kickoff this coming season. Edwood Geiges, NCAA rules adviser and supervisor of officials for the Eastern College Athletic Conference, has so announced.

"It was getting ridiculous, really sophomoric, the way some players were putting on an act after scoring," Geiges said. "From now on, their teams will be penalized when players throw or kick the ball away after getting into the end zone for a score."

So, from now on, the player who scores will have to hand or toss the ball to the nearest official—like a little gentleman.

There are reasons behind the decision. College teams play a long enough game as it is, with ways to stop the clock not available to pros. And the colleges want to get their car-driving customers out of stadium parking jams before dark. Finally, a football thrown into the stands often is gone for good. Footballs cost money (\$20) and colleges are terribly sincere about money these days.

## TAME HAWK

Moe Drabowsky and Hawk Harrelson were roommates and close friends in their Kansas City days, but when Harrelson was traded to Washington he promised that if he ever should hit a home run off Drabowsky he would circle the bases backward.

Drabowsky has since retired. Harrelson 17 straight times, including 14 by strikeouts.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The Seattle Rangers are a minor league football team. Three thousand miles away, the New York Rangers are, by

say, a major league hockey team. Nevertheless, for two years now the New York Rangers, owned by Madison Square Garden, have been trying to force the Seattle Rangers to drop their name. The New York Rangers say they came first and have a lien on "Rangers." The struggling little Seattle Rangers have already spent \$6,000 in legal fees defending their claim.

This clearly must be the most picturesque play since Warner Brothers, the producers of the movie *Casablanca*, tried to stop the Marx Brothers from calling their movie *A Night In Casablanca*. Groucho took care of that by demanding that Warner Brothers drop its "Brothers" because the Marx Brothers had been "Brothers" first.

We suggest, then, that the Seattle Rangers shrewdly use the Groucho strategy and get at least some of the following to take the New York Rangers and Madison Square Garden to court for using their names: the Texas Rangers, the Lone Ranger, New Zealand, the Duke of York, the Virginia Historical Society (on behalf of *Janes and Dolly Madison*), the American Mathematical Society (on behalf of squares and square roots), the Tiwai Gardens and Garden City, Long Island.

## ANGLER HOOKED

Checking salmon fishermen in Puget Sound, Deb Moore, State Department of Fisheries patrolman, passed a small boat from which, it appeared, two men were fishing. Something about them didn't look right, so Moore swung around for a second and closer view.

One fisherman, it developed, was a dummy. The real angler in the boat had rigged up a well-dressed facsimile of a fisherman and propped it in fishing position so that he could troll two rods. The live one got a ticket.

## THEY SAID IT

- Casey Stengel, acknowledging his selection as baseball's greatest living manager at baseball's 100th birthday party: "I want to thank all my players for giving me the honor of being what I was."
- Gary Kolb of the Pittsburgh Pirates, explaining how it is to be 25th man on a 25-man team: "I dreamed the Pirate plane crashed and I was the only survivor. Then you know what happened? They called up the entire Columbus club and I still didn't play."

END



# English Major

Accredited on every campus, HS&M's **hopseck** suit teamed with its own Tattersall vest. Natural shoulder styling with a British accent by Berry Reed of the International Design Guild. Three buttons, shaped waist, slanted pockets and deep side vents. Smashing!

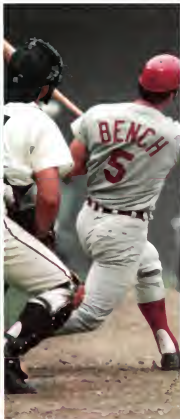
A man in a brown suit and a woman in a brown jacket and patterned scarf are smiling and holding a book. The book is titled "The Woolmark is your assurance of quality-tested products made of 100% wool's best... Pure Wool." and features the "Racquet Club by Hart Schaffner & Marx" logo.

The Woolmark  
is your assurance of  
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made of 100% wool's best...  
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Racquet Club by **Hart  
Schaffner  
& Marx**

**Sports Illustrated**

AUGUST 4, 1969



*With the pitchers covering for a change, the All-Star sluggers took over. Willie McCovey hit two home runs, Johnny Bench hit two over the fence—though*

# BASEBALL BOOMS AGAIN

*The home run has returned and with it the enthusiasm of the fans. Last week's festive All-Star Game proved that there is nothing wrong with the sport that a vigorous new commissioner and a livelier ball can't cure*

**by MARK MULVOY**



one of them was caught—and Frank Howard slammed the longest of all to give his delighted home-town fans something to cheer about.

In Washington President Nixon sits down to dinner and asks his son-in-law, David Eisenhower, for a report on the Senators—the baseball team, not the ABMen. David reminds the President that the Senators have a game that night and he replies, "Fine. Why don't you make some calls and we'll all go out there." In Chicago a lady orders a special hook for her transistor radio in order to listen to broadcasts of Cub games while she tends to her gardening, and a man installs a television set in his Cadillac so he can watch the Cubs at red lights. In Detroit a doctor and a businessman drop their work 15 minutes before each Tiger game, grab their baseball gloves, put on their navy blue hats with the Old English 'D' and then step outside onto the lawn to warm up together for 15 minutes. In Boston an elderly Italian man watches the

Red Sox win the first game of a doubleheader, starts for the exit and says to an usher, "That was good. Where can I buy a ticket for the second game?" In Toronto a National Hockey League player from Montreal threatens to withdraw from a charity golf tournament because he does not want to miss that night's Expos game against the New York Mets. And in San Francisco, as many as 8,000 youngsters, rich kids and poor kids, all of them wearing Little League hats and carrying big-league gloves, file into Candlestick Park each day to see the Giants play—free.

All that interest and enthusiasm is only part of major league baseball's stunning 1969 revival. Remember long ago, last winter, when Madison Avenue buried the game deep in Forest Lawn? Well, stop digging, men. After 100 years of play and two decades of decay, baseball appears

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to be born again. With expansion, attendance totals have increased more than 2,100,000 in the majors, and that does not include all those free admissions that may amount to more than four million for the season. Last month the Mets turned away 8,000 paying spectators one night because 8,000 nonpaying fans happened to appear at the game in response to a free-ticket promotion. Television ratings have stopped their abrupt plummet. Radio surveys, which are the best measure of outside-the-park fan interest, have astounded the advertising industry. Says A. M. Mortenson, president of the radio station that carries the Kansas City Royals' games, "We had a Hooper taken during one game and a full 50% of the people contacted were listening to Royals baseball."

The reasons for the revival are numerous, but all hang on the prime fact that baseball finally admitted that it was suffering from a sick image and had to make changes demanded by modern tastes. The owners agreed to split each league into two divisions, thereby creating two pennant races in each league and potentially doubling the excitement. They also agreed that the pitching tyranny was ruining the sport, that spectators preferred 11-7 games and no longer would pay to see 1-0 games every day. So they lowered the pitcher's mound, a modification that reduced the effectiveness of the curveball and slider, and they decreased the size of the strike zone.

To help the hitters even more, they juiced up the baseball itself. "You can't pitch a shutout anymore," complains Pitcher Bob Gibson of the St. Louis Cardinals. Gibson was baseball's best pitcher in 1968 with a 1.12 earned run average. That average has more than doubled so far in 1969.

All hitting statistics have increased markedly this season, particularly the home-run totals—and home runs, after all, lure spectators. In 1968 only one player, Frank Howard, hit more than 40 home runs. This season Reggie Jackson of Oakland already has hit 39, and present projections suggest that some 16 major-leaguers will hit 40 or more home runs in 1969.

Most important, however, the owners fired their commissioner, General William Eckert, a man the owners never permitted any authority anyway. They tried for two months to elect a new commissioner from their ranks but, typically, never could decide on one man, and finally asked Bowie Kuhn, a Wall Street lawyer who performed some of the National League's legal work, to be their "interim" commissioner. In only six months Kuhn has gained an admiration and respect that no commissioner has enjoyed since Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis died in 1944. Kuhn is 6'5" tall and weighs 240 pounds. Nobody—not baseball players like Ken Harelsen, not owners like Walter O'Malley, not general managers like Spec Richardson—talks down to Bowie Kuhn. Next week the owners will remove the "interim" designation before "commissioner" and give Kuhn a large increase in salary.

Kuhn exposed baseball's rebirth to the American public last week in Washington at the annual All-Star Game. In an unprecedented move for a baseball commissioner or, for that matter, for any baseball official, Kuhn converted the usually boring All-Star event into a three-day circus, and when the fifth and final home run was hit in Robert F. Kennedy Stadium last Wednesday there was no question that baseball's interim had been canceled.

Kuhn uncovered a theme for the All-Star Game, and he played it for more than it really was worth. The theme was baseball's 100th anniversary, and baseball already had celebrated that in 1939. Baseball apologists tried to explain that the 1939 centennial was in honor of Abner Doubleday inventing the game which, of course, he did not. The 1969 centennial was in celebration of the 1869 Cincinnati Reds, the first pro team. Conceivably, Kuhn will hold another centennial next year to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first official defeat in professional baseball history, and still another centennial in 1971 to honor the establishment of the first professional baseball association, etc.

The circus began last Monday night with the centennial dinner, which featured the announcement of the players selected as the greatest in the history of baseball. Each winner was then announced Oscar-style to the accompaniment of a stirring drum roll.

None of the selections were particu-

larly surprising, except that Willie Mays ended up in right field on the Greatest Living Team—and he has played right only a couple of times in his life. This was an accommodation to get him on the team, since he could not make it in center because of Joe DiMaggio, who won that post and also the honor of being the Greatest Living Player and the Greatest Centerfielder of All Time. DiMaggio was the only postwar player to make that team, just as Mays was the only active player to make the Living Team. Ted Williams, the Greatest Living Leftfielder, asked his wife Dolores to pinch-hit for him. "Ted does not like formal occasions," Mrs. Williams said. "Maybe that's what makes him so great."

The next day there was a special reception in the East Room of the White House for more than 400 baseball people. "We originally had asked the President to present the award to the Greatest Player of All Time," Kuhn said, "but his aides explained that he would be too busy that night. Then one day Mr. Nixon's office called and said that the President wanted to throw a party for baseball. When was the last time that happened?"

Mr. Nixon is a genuine baseball fan, the first one to occupy the White House in many years. The President impressed the assembled journalists—though perhaps baffled the players at the reception—by declaring: "If I could live my life over again I'd want to be a sportswriter." Accordingly, the Baseball Writers' Association voted him an honorary membership and assigned him the task of convincing Ted Williams that his 15-minute locker-room ban on writers after a game was too strict. If he succeeds, that really may be what makes him so great.

Later the President met all his guests. Harry Walker, the garrulous Houston manager, tried to show him how to hit a curve. Banker Casey Stengel, the Greatest Living Manager, wanted to discuss the prime interest rate. Before and after their meeting with Mr. Nixon the baseball people milled through the East Wing. Lefty Grove, with his feet crossed, white socks falling to his ankles and a big cigar in his mouth, looked at home as he sat under President Washington's picture. The players, though, had one complaint: the cocktail glasses, the hors d'oeuvres forks, the ashtrays and the linen all were unmarked. "No

*continued*

*As Commissioner Kuhn listens, Casey Stengel instructs his White House host in banking matters. Two other presidents—Joe Cronin and Warren Giles—watch the outdoor show.*



*Laughing and without a care: Ted Williams overtears Matt Jerry Napsman and Tom Seaver*



*Frowning and without passion hope: Ray Schoonmaker and Mayo Smith wait for test year*



*Newly well and without quieting down: The Lo still has some things to explain to Say May*

little souvenirs from the White House today," one of them said.

The most violent thunderstorm of the Washington summer began as the reception ended. "I wonder if Mrs. Nixon will throw on a few extra TV dinners and ask us to stay," one player said. It was obvious that the game would not be played. Still, Bowie Kuhn held his centennial birthday party for more than 2,000 guests in three tents pitched on the drill field of the armory across the street from Robert F. Kennedy Stadium.

"The whole thing went off so well," Kuhn said, "that I could not even get depressed by the rain and the postponement. There were U. S. Senators standing there in two inches of rain talking about baseball. How could I get depressed?"

The All-Star Game finally was played on Wednesday afternoon. Despite all the Hollywood hoopla, the game itself remained a crucial test for baseball. The previous three All-Star Games were strictly strikeout exhibitions with final scores of 2-1, 2-1 and 1-0. If this game happened to be low-scoring, too, baseball's new image already would need a facelift.

But the boom came back right away. After four innings the National League had hit three home runs and scored nine runs, while the American League had hit two home runs and scored three runs. The pitching was divinely atrocious, just as baseball officials had hoped. Willie McCovey of the Giants hit two of the National League's home runs, while the Reds' Johnny Bench hit the other and lost a second homer when Carl Yastrzemski extracted his fly ball from the bullpen. Frank Howard of the hometown Senators hit the longest and hardest home run—an opposite-field smash against the wall in right center field—and Detroit's Bill Freehan hit the other for the American League. In four innings baseball had produced more hitting and created more spectator enthusiasm than it had in three previous All-Star Games. The National League won 9-3—but the result was incidental. The bat was back. The people were back. And baseball was back, too.

Right now, in fact, there is an encouraging acceleration in the sport's growth pattern after years of inertia. Baseball's attendance had not matched the growth of the country. In 1948, for instance, there were 10 communities represented in the major leagues with a total

metropolitan population of 32 million. That season 1,230 games attracted 20.9 million paying spectators, an average of 17,010 per game. In 1968, when there were 16 communities in the majors with a total metropolitan population of more than 46 million people, 1,619 games drew only 23.1 million, an average of 14,270 per game. During those 20 years the total audience potential had increased 43.8%, but the actual attendance increased only 10.5% and the average attendance declined 16.1%. At the same time all other major professional sports increased substantially in attendance and interest.

The changes have, for the most part, produced measurable improvement. In 1968 only one American League hit better than .300. This year 12 players are over .300. In the National League one team alone—the Cincinnati Reds—starts a lineup of six .300 hitters. It is doubtful if even the undefeated 1969 Reds could boast that. However, since the Reds also have the worst pitching staff of any contender, the opposition invariably hits as well, if not better. This all-out bombardment has helped Cincinnati to increase its home attendance by more than 117,000.

In the midst of all this euphoria it is most sobering to learn that average paid attendance actually is up by only about 20 persons per game from last year's figures. The standoff is misleading, however, since attendance fell off sharply at this point last year as the Cardinals and Tigers walked home, while it should rise this year with pennant races in three of the four divisions. The American League also made an egregious error in loading the Western Division with both its expansion teams and two weak, colorless holdovers—Chicago and California. Not surprisingly, this division accounts for most of the loss in attendance.

In a real sense, though, how many are coming to games is less important than who is coming. Community promotion in the past was too often lacking in baseball. Now the teams are not afraid to discount tickets or to give them away in the hope of attracting young fans who will eventually become adult paying customers. Not only will major league teams open their gates this season to those four million nonpaying spectators—most of them young boys—but they also will let another three million people in at reduced rates for give-

## THE HITTERS REALLY ARE HITTING BETTER

*With many-year statistics from various selected years, the following tables show that the averages have begun to move back to their levels of a decade ago. All the figures are on a per-game basis.*

AMERICAN LEAGUE	1960*	1966	1961*	1969
Hits	16.52	14.78	17.43	17.09
Runs	8.29	6.80	9.31	8.94
Home runs	1.76	1.44	2.00	1.80
Strikeouts	11.24	11.93	10.16	9.60
Shutouts	0.14	0.20	0.11	0.12
NATIONAL LEAGUE	1969*	1968	1962*	1960
Hits	17.28	16.33	18.07	17.82
Runs	8.46	6.74	9.50	9.12
Home runs	1.56	1.08	1.77	1.84
Strikeouts	12.00	11.65	11.25	11.12
Shutouts	0.18	0.23	0.11	0.12

\* expansion year

aways. In Washington there now is even a Batting Glove Day.

Kuhn feels these promotions will help baseball cultivate the young fan who is shut out from pro football games because the tickets are priced too steeply and, for that matter, are usually not even available, residing instead in the grasp of their fathers. Giveaways are a guaranteed attraction. (Maybe someday football will need Shoulder Pad Days and Thigh Pad Days.) Baseball is an impulse game, unlike pro football where all seats are sold out to season ticket-holders 50 years in advance. Fortunately, baseball now realizes this and, except in extreme instances, there always is a seat available for the man who wakes up and decides that he will go to the game that day. The Chicago Cubs could sell out their games for the rest of the season right now. Owner P. K. Wrigley insists, however, that 22,000 seats always be withheld for day-of-game sale.

It is significant, too, that many teams with top attendance ratings this season happen to have stadiums located in the center of mass public transportation systems and happen to play a higher proportion of day games than other teams. The Boston Red Sox, who may draw two million people into their 34,000-seat park this year, the Chicago Cubs, New York Mets and Montreal Expos all play in stadiums that are on rapid-transit subway lines. This makes it much easier for the young boy to attend a game.

The importance of mass public trans-

port to baseball is emphasized also in the negative, for in California, where almost all movement is by private car and the baseball stadiums are built away from city centers, attendance is down across the board. The most serious problems are in the Bay Area, which obviously is not populous enough to support two franchises. The Bay Area has set records for campus demonstrations, bridge jumpings and end-of-the-world earthquake predictions this year, but not for baseball attendance. Although both the Giants and Athletics are contenders, neither will draw 800,000.

In the East, though, some weak franchises have reason for hope. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Cincinnati will all move into new stadiums in better neighborhoods very shortly.

Further expansion is also a possibility. Dallas-Fort Worth and Buffalo are prime sites for the next franchises, and there is a likelihood that another team will be placed in Canada—probably Toronto, but perhaps Vancouver. Montreal's amazing success in its first season has convinced Kuhn that baseball is not merely a domestic game.

In all this Kuhn retains a hole card. The evidence still suggests that the fans want interleague play, and that when they get it—when Henry Aaron gets a shot at the left-field wall in Fenway Park, when Denny McLain moves into the Astrodome—previous attendance records will fall. In due course Bowie Kuhn will see to that.

AND

# 'I'M NOT INVOLVED ANYMORE'

*Perhaps the greatest player basketball has known, Bill Russell announces his retirement. 'I've played enough,' he says* **by WILLIAM F. RUSSELL**

**S**ince 1943, when I first saw a basketball, I've played approximately 3,000 games, organized and otherwise. I think that's enough.

I'm a pretty direct man. You say something I like, I'll tell you so, you say something I don't like, I'll tell you also. A diplomat I'm not. So I'll tell you right out that there are no secret or hidden or financial or philosophical reasons behind this. I just don't feel like playing anymore. As for coaching—that prairie incubator of ulcers—no, thank you. I don't want to coach anymore, either. I never considered myself primarily a coach, anyway. Anytime I was ever around a group of coaches I'd feel nervous—all that nonsense about how to "handle" kids, how to "motivate" them! I was a player. Now I'm not a player or a coach anymore.

If you're really looking for a reason why I feel I've played enough, I'll tell you this. There are professionals and there are mercenaries in sports. The difference between them is that the professional is involved. I was never a mercenary. If I continued to play, I'd become a mercenary because I'm not involved anymore.

I have a year to go on my contract with the Celtics. It's one of the most lucrative in sports, and I was very happy with it. A couple of my friends think I should at least stick out that year because of the money. Believe me, I wouldn't mind having all that money. But I'm not going to play basketball for money. I've been paid to play, of course, but I played for a lot of other reasons, too.

I played because I enjoyed it—but there's more to it than that. I played because I was dedicated to being the best. I was part of a team, and I dedicated myself to making that team the best. To

me, one of the most beautiful things to see is a group of men coordinating their efforts toward a common goal—alternately subordinating and asserting themselves to achieve real teamwork in action. I tried to do that—we all tried to do that—on the Celtics. I think we succeeded. Often, in my mind's eye, I stood off and watched that effort. I found it beautiful to watch. It's just as beautiful to watch in things other than sports.

Being part of that effort on the Celtics was very important to me. It helped me develop and grow, and I think it has helped prepare me for something other than playing basketball. But so far as the game is concerned, I've lost my competitive urges. If I went out to play now, the other guys would know I didn't really care. That's no way to play—it's no way to do anything.

All during this past season I had the eerie feeling that I'd been through this before. Every play, every situation. Setting a screen, missing a shot—I'd seen or done it all before. Everything had become repetition. This is not the attitude to bring to still another season.

Basketball is the most demanding sport we've invented. It demands speed and stamina and a lot of other physical and mental qualities. It also demands tolerance of pain. Hurting is part of professional basketball. You get banged around, you lose your teeth, you twist muscles, you break bones. I'm not crying about this, just stating facts. Some people have said I would stop playing one day because my knees hurt. Well, they hurt. They've been hurting for 10 years, and my ankle has been hurting ever since I broke it in 1958. But I'll tell you this—the rest of the guys in the NBA would laugh if I said I was leaving because my knees hurt. I don't know a player in the league who doesn't hurt

somewhere practically the whole long season. Earl Monroe is only 24 and his knees are as bad as mine. What about Elgin Baylor? Or Nate Thurmond? I could go on and on. Hurting is as much a part of the game as shooting free throws. I'm not leaving because I hurt.

I'm not mad at anybody, either. I'm not mad at any of the players, and I'm not mad at Jack Kent Cooke and his hall-boys. I'm not even mad at Mendy Rudolph. I'm not trying to get even with somebody, or anything like that. Sure, there are things about the game I don't like, but it would be a lot easier to do something about them—which I've tried—if I went on playing. I'm not leaving because I'm angry.

You might think that it's very nice for me to be leaving a winner. Truthfully, that had nothing to do with my decision. Still, winning the championship this year was one of the most rewarding victories of my career, especially because we weren't expected to win (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED wasn't the only one to give up on the Celtics this year—hah!) And it's not that I think this year's team was our best, either. As a matter of fact, I think our 1963-64 team was the best [Sanders, K. C. Jones, Hemschoen, Ramsey, Sam Jones, Havlicek, Russell]. It was easily the best defensive team we ever had—maybe that's why it's my favorite—and maybe the best of all time. I rate it best despite the fact that it was only good offensively, not great. Maybe that's the key to it. We knew our offensive shortcomings and we worked hard to overcome them.

People didn't give us credit for being as good as we were last season. Personally, I think we won because we had the best team in the league. Some guys talked about all the stars on the other teams, and they quote statistics to show other teams were better. Let's talk about statistics. The important statistics in basketball are supposed to be points scored, rebounds and assists. But nobody keeps statistics on other important things—the good fake you make that helps your teammate score; the bad pass you force the other team to make; the good long pass you make that sets up another pass that sets up another pass that leads to a score; the way you recognize when one of your teammates has a hot hand that night and you give up your own shot so he can take it. All of those things. Those





Woody but triumphant: Russell ends his remarkable career with still another world championship

were some of the things we excelled in that you won't find in the statistics. There was only one statistic that was important to us—won and lost.

Something everybody else but Bill Russell excelled in was giving the coach good advice. I made the decisions, but I listened an awful lot. Sometimes in practice the other guys would talk for half an hour and I wouldn't say a word. I encouraged them to tell me what they thought. You take Siegfried—he's a luke all right, but he's got one of the best basketball minds in the game. They all helped. Sam, Bailey, Nelson, all of them. They knew I respected them as

men with ideas, that I didn't treat them as just guys with numbers on their backs. Remember that last-second shot that Sam took to win the fourth playoff game? Well, Sam is a great shooter, but that was a real cooperative effort. We wanted a play that would help us win the kind of close games we were getting involved in, and we started with what was basically an old Ohio State play. Probably either Siegfried or Haylick brought it up. The first time we tried it in practice, it took 13 seconds. We worked it down to seven. All five players have to make perfectly timed moves and fakes, and the pass-

es have to be exact. It took us in that fourth game.

Nobody can write a story about the Celtics and not talk about Red Auerbach. Much of my success as a professional is a result of the way he first approached me. A lot of guys said I'd never make it because I couldn't shoot. My first day with Red he told me right out that he didn't care if I never scored a point. He said they had the guys on the Celtics who could score. What he wanted from me was defense and rebounding. That suited me fine. He and I had one big thing in common—the will to win. When he appointed me coach he just said, "The job is yours." He never put pressure on me. He never even came to practice unless I invited him. Of course, I did. Often I would have been crazy not to take advantage of one of the smartest guys the game has seen. In moments of weakness, I almost like Red a little.

Well, I'm going to miss all that, even if I no longer feel involved. And what am I going to do? As I write this article I'm enjoying the luxury of taking my time in considering some interesting alternatives that I am fortunate enough to have available. Up to now, I've been a professional entertainer—which is how a professional athlete probably should be classified. One natural path for me to follow would be to continue in the field of entertainment—motion pictures or TV. I've made a few films out in California, and I've enjoyed it. I'm leaving in a few weeks to make a movie in Spain—it's a western in which I've got a small part—and I expect to enjoy that, too. I may do some other film work with Jim Brown. But I can't see acting as a career, even if it is fun, and my decision to explore other areas of the entertainment field will be a considered one. I will have weighed against it serious offers in fields that are somewhat new to me but which I would find comfortable, challenging and rewarding.

I can tell you one thing for sure—I'm going to play a little golf. I'm going to become the hottest 6'9" black left-handed 16-handicap golfer to come along in years. So if you see a tall, handsome, bearded fellow on your course some day who looks as though he's ready to laugh probably at himself as he faces an impossible putt, let me tell you this: for your own good, don't put any money on that putt.

END

# LOONEY IS PLAYING A NEW TUNE

*Joe Don Looney, the onetime problem child with the Mr. America build, is back in football after service in Vietnam. Eager to make it as a back with the New Orleans Saints, he seems to be a changed man on and off the field*

by JACK MURPHY



*All muscles and speed, Joe Don cuts loose for a long gain in a practice scrimmage.*

Until Joe Don Looney came home from Vietnam this summer and sold himself to the New Orleans football team, no one ever called him a saint. The No. 1 draft pick of the New York Giants in 1964, Looney left pro ball three years and four teams later. In all of football there was no bigger problem child. Yet last week Looney was back in the NFL, a respected member of the Saints' seaside training camp at California Western University in San Diego. Instead of sulking by himself, he was happy to talk, even about the past, and instead of adhering to his own private training schedule, he was all business on the field. He reported in superb condition, at 6' 1" and 225 pounds, and in a swim suit he looked like Mr. America. Even the beach boys were envious. Although he strained his right knee slightly in a scrimmage against the Chargers, he was the most impressive runner in camp. The injury is minor, and Looney's newest coach, Tom Fears, has the attitude of a man who has just found money in the street. "Looney is a helluva back," Fears says. "He has strength, quickness and ability, and his attitude is excellent. He's very coachable, very cooperative."

That is not the kind of comment coaches used to make about Looney, but for the moment, at least, the admiration is mutual. "Tom Fears is a man I can respect," Looney says, "because I can tell he believes what he says. He knows what he's doing. I really like this team. I feel close to these guys. Maybe it's because we have something in common—most of us have been dropped by other clubs. There are no cliques on the Saints. It's not one of those teams where the attitude is, 'Be a good boy for a couple of seasons and maybe we'll let you in.'"

No coach has ever doubted Looney's physical capabilities, but his mental makeup has been something else again.

Looney legends abound. While with the Giants he refused to tape his ankles for practice and got a \$500 fine. When the team doctor tried to persuade him to prudence, Looney said, "What do you know about football, Doc? You never played the game." Then there was the time Looney said, "I never met a man I didn't like, except Will Rogers."

Looney's father, Don, an end at TCU in the days of Davey O'Brien and later with the Eagles, started out to make his boy "the greatest grinder ever." Small for his age, Joe Don began working out on weights. He blossomed his senior year in high school, but he had troubles at Texas and TCU, the first two colleges he attended. At his next stop, Cameron Junior College in Oklahoma, he was the star of the team that won the Junior Rose Bowl championship. "Coaches aren't all bad," says Looney. "I had a coach at Cameron who was a wonderful man. I'd do anything for LeRoy Montgomery. He treated us fair, and we never lost a game."

For his junior year Looney moved on to Oklahoma and Bud Wilkinson. There Looney was the third-string fullback until the fourth quarter of the first game of the season. With Oklahoma losing to Syracuse and only two minutes remaining, Looney made what was called an "impossible" 60-yard run for a touchdown to win 7-3. The Oklahoma quarterback, Monte Deere, couldn't believe what had happened. "I knew what play I was going to call as I walked to the huddle," Deere said later in the locker room, "but Looney said, 'Just give me the ball and I'll score a touchdown.' So I just gave him the ball." Looney finished the season fifth in the country in rushing and first in punting.

Pro scouts were enchanted. Here was a big, bruising back with speed. But Looney's senior year at Oklahoma was a disaster. He cut practice, he caused trouble and he earned the label of "Oklahoma's Bad Boy." After he socked a student assistant coach, he was thrown off the team. Now he recalls the incident without apparent rancor. "I don't think Wilkinson ever liked me very much," he says cheerfully. Then he adds, "I could have gained more than 1,000 yards, I could have done anything, but they wouldn't give me the ball. I guess

Wilkinson had his reasons, but I was mystified by his attitude."

Allie Sherman and the Giants were hungry for Looney, but their appetite soon pulled. He refused to go to meetings, he cut practice and he wouldn't talk to the press. He even refused to have breakfast with Y. A. Tittle. Out on the field, he preferred to play catch with a youngster rather than watch Tittle work with the other backs. One night when he was 10 minutes late for bed check, he deemed the \$50 fine unfair because he had gone to bed an hour early the night before. "They still owe me 50 minutes," he explained. After only 28 days in camp, the Giants traded him to the Baltimore Colts. Looney now says he was happy to leave New York. "I don't like big cities, and I didn't care for Allie Sherman's attitude," he says. "The Giants really weren't very friendly. It was as though it was undignified to wear shorts in the dorm. You were expected to wear slacks."

At Baltimore Looney had respect for Coach Don Shula. Shula knew what he was doing, Looney says, and he never had any problems with the coach. When Looney got to play, he looked superb. Once he popped out of his cleats slamming into the Bear line, and the crowd cheered as he ran to the sidelines carrying the shoes. Unfortunately for Looney, he had problems off the field, particularly when he became emotionally involved in the 1964 presidential election. The exact details of the incident are hazy, but Looney got into a political argument with a stranger, and Baltimore police charged him with malicious destruction of property and assault when he ripped a door from its hinges. For that fracas a judge fined Looney \$150 and gave him a one-year probation. "I was awfully strong for Barry Goldwater," Looney says, "and I was furious because Lyndon Johnson had duped the country. Look what happened. Guys are dying like flies in Vietnam, a war we couldn't win if we sent 10 million men over there. It's tragic because it's such a waste. We're going to pull out of Vietnam as soon as we can, and what have we accomplished?"

Looney went to Detroit in exchange for Dennis Gaudatz. The Lion coach was Harry Gilmer, who was so enthused



All smiles, Looney is happy to be a Saint

that he described Looney as the player who would "save the franchise for the Detroit Lions." Not long afterward Gilmer began using more picturesque language, and he finally lost patience during the 1966 season when Looney curtly refused to carry a message into the game against the Atlanta Falcons. "If you want a messenger," Looney said, "call Western Union." Gilmer took the unusual step of suspending Looney at halftime. There were other incidents, some more amusing than others. Once Looney showed up in the locker room with a mastiff pup that was loaded down with barbells and weights. Looney explained to curious teammates that he was trying to build up the dog's leg muscles. Both he and the dog ate wheat germ and sunflower seeds.

But there was real trouble one evening when Looney got into an early hours scrape with the boy friend of a carhop at a drive-in restaurant. As the police arrived on the scene, the boy friend

continued



The physical cultural supreme: Looney gives his biceps a workout. He also lifts weights.



Looney leaves the field after straining his knee. Fortunately, the injury was not serious.

a knife, and Looney was attempting to break a beer bottle on a window sill to use in defense. This prompted one cynical lion to quip, "The guy who's supposed to save the franchise can't even break a beer bottle." Another time Looney became muffed at Gilmer and refused to report for practice. Instead he sat in his room and listened to his stereo set. Gilmer asked Joe Schmidt, then the Lions' captain and now the coach, to reason with Looney. Schmidt did his best: "You've got to work hard in this league," he counseled Looney. "I've been with the club for 12 years, and I've never missed a practice."

Looney was astonished. "Joe," he said, "you should take a day off once in a while."

Looney went to Washington for a draft choice. The Redskin coach was Otto Graham, who soon decided that Looney's self-esteem exceeded his performances on the field. For his part, Looney deemed Graham both confused and incompetent. "Graham wasted our time," Looney says. "I could organize a practice better than he could. We would lose a game, and he would come in and tell us he was going to be like Lombardi. He was going to raise hell. Otto was trying to find himself, he didn't know what he wanted to do." Graham certainly knew one thing he wanted, he ordered Looney to keep his mouth closed, especially in the presence of reporters. Looney paid no attention. One day when the Redskins won a hall game, a rare event, Graham came out of his office and found Looney surrounded by reporters. Looney had had a good day, and he was pleased to talk about it at length. "Why don't you take a shower?" asked Graham.

"I've already had my shower," said Looney.

"Then take another," Graham snapped at him.

Looney's Redskin career ended in 1967 when Graham discovered Joe Don was going to play out his option. Looney was not unemployed long. His Army Reserve unit was activated, and off he went to Vietnam. Looney becomes visibly upset when Vietnam is mentioned. He spent nine months guarding an oil-tank farm in the combat zone, and he bears both physical and psychological scars from that experience. The physical scar is insignificant—he bruised a heel while div-

ing into a bunker during a Viet Cong rocket attack—but he is arked that he was assigned sedentary duty.

Upon his return, Looney got in touch with several clubs, but only the Saints were seriously interested. "I know I'm something of a character," Looney says, "but I don't mind. I'm pretty well known—I don't have any trouble getting checks cashed. I hope to make this team. When I work, I work hard. I give 100%. When I play, I play the same way. When I blow, it all blows out."

Tom Fears says, "I hesitated for a while when he asked for a contract. On the one hand, we're getting a first draft choice without giving up anybody. On the other, the boy has a history of creating problems."

"I know the second coach thought he could handle him and so did the third and the fourth coaches. I'm not saying it won't happen here, too, but I've got confidence in the guy. He's trying like hell. I told him we'd start all over, we'd give him a new sheet. When he came to camp he didn't even introduce himself, we just got together, it was a process of osmosis. He's not a pushy kid and I like that."

Fears was influenced by Looney's military experience and, especially, his good record in Vietnam. Contrary to predictions, he wasn't shot for insubordination and he didn't trigger World War III. Presumably, he has matured somewhat and he has the responsibility of a family in his wife, Peggy, and infant daughter, Tara, who live on a 275-acre ranch in Diana, Texas.

Now 26, Looney says nothing about maturity or reform, but there are occasional hints he is changing. "I really wasn't all that bad," he says, "but maybe I was a little strange. My wife doesn't think I'm a character. She just loves me."

His new coach is aware of Looney's sense of independence. "So far about all he's said to me is yessir and noir," says Fears, "but sometimes he gives you that funny look. He's very knowledgeable and I've got an idea he wouldn't hesitate to speak up if he thought you were wrong."

So Joe Don is a Saint. For now, at least (the prudent will note that he has not taken a vow of silence), The National Football League can hardly wait to see what happens.



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In his search for new kinds of seafood, Harvey Bullis, the world's No. 1 fish snoop, hauls in some very strange prizes from the depths

## ODDBALLS OF THE DEEP SEA

by COLES PHINIZY

Until quite recently the fish and all the queer creatures of the deep sea lived according to their own ways, abiding by a simple law of eat or be eaten. They enjoyed a privacy that was seldom violated, until shortly after World War II when specialists of all kinds began probing the depths. Of all the intruders now in the sea, certainly one of the lushest bodies is a fishery biologist named Harvey Bullis of Pascagoula, Miss. Bullis has been prying into the personal affairs of fish since 1950 and has relished every intimate moment. Indeed, such is his zest for it that he seems to get nosier with each passing year.

In depths of 1,000 to 1,500 feet on the continental slope of North America, there are vast colonies of royal red shrimp. Before Harvey Bullis began making underwater forays these big, delectable shrimp lived in comfortable seclusion beyond the easy grasp of man. But now, as the big shrimp frisk about, an aluminum submarine looms above them, its lights turning their dim world into garish day. Harvey Bullis, the snoop from Pascagoula, peers through the port of the submarine. He has come down among the royal red shrimp to find out exactly how they walk and swim and feed and burrow.

On the continental shelf off the Florida east coast, life has not been the same for calico scallops since Bullis began sleuthing around their area. As if invasion by submarine were not enough, Bullis is now sending a robot sea sled equipped with a video-tape camera down among the scallops. In his famous churchyard elegy, the 18th-century poet



SNAKE MACKEREL DREDGED UP FROM 3,000 FEET IS ARMED WITH SPIKELINE TEETH

Thomas Gray claimed there were bright gems of the sea beyond the reach of the human eye. But in the year 1969, thanks to Bullis, even drab scallops in mud beds are getting television time.

Although Bullis spends most of his time aboard a boat dragging a trawl to sample the bottom, he sometimes uses a plane to spy on fish. From a mile up he not only can locate fish schools (as commercial spotters do) but also, by using a spectrographic analyzer, he is learning to tell one species from another by the quality of light reflecting from their bodies. Even at night there is no sure way for fish to elude Bullis. In the darkness he searches the sea with a scope that boosts the intensity of light more than 50,000 times. The fish do not show brightly enough to be detected, but from the phosphorescence swirling around them Bullis knows where they are.

Despite the sinister regard that fish understandably might have for him, when measured by human standards Bullis turns out to be nothing more than a large, affable, 43-year-old native of Wisconsin—a freshwater transplant who fell in love with the sea at first sight. As an employee of the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, he now spends much of his time wandering the high seas investigating fish. Although in the process he picks up many fascinating and useless facts, his basic mission is most practical. In simplest terms, Bullis' job is to find fish for people to eat.

Where Bullis goes, commercial fishermen usually follow. To cite a specific example, in the late 1950s Bullis spent about \$100,000 of the taxpayers' money hunting for concentrations of brown shrimp off the South American coast. Today on the South American grounds that Bullis found, more than 200 U.S. trawlers are at work, taking about \$20 million worth of shrimp annually. Many of the big royal red shrimp whose territory Bullis recently investigated later ended up in commercial trawls (and eventually, of course, in cocktail sauce on someone's dinner table). Similarly, many of the scallops now being televised probably will make their final public appearance in some restaurant.

Bullis is by no means a lone operator; his territory is far too diverse and large. In his present capacity as director of the Exploratory Fishing and Gear Research Base in Pascagoula, he is, in effect, the mastermind of an organization

of biologists, skilled fishermen and noodlers who not only hunt for concentrations of edible fish but also devise better ways to harvest them. Bullis and the fish experts who work with him at Pascagoula and at a substation in Brunswick, Ga., are responsible for four million square miles of the sea. Their domain encompasses the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean and the western Atlantic from Cape Hatteras southeasterly to the big muddy mouth of the Amazon. For more than 100 years scientists have been dragging trawls in this same expanse, but few of these explorers have done more than scratch the bottom compared to the efforts of Bullis and his crews.

Since 1950 Bullis and his colleagues have dragged trawls more than 60,000 miles across the sea floor. Although on each exploratory drag they usually have a particular fish or shellfish in mind, they are never sure what will turn up in the net. They often haul in a mixed bag, a hodgepodge of common and rare species and occasionally a creature or two that has never been seen before. This past May Bullis and a crew spent 10 days off the South American coast searching for colonies of the scarlet prawn, a giant shrimp that lives 1,000 to 3,000 feet below and tastes like Maine lobster. In each of the 18 drags they made, Bullis and his crew recovered anywhere from 10 to 400 pounds of the giant shrimp. In most of the hauls there were also marine species of the kind commonly encountered in nightmares: flabby bagfish and large spidery crabs, rusty black sharks and deep-sea squid, armored isopods the size of terrapins, chimaerids with squidlike beaks and winglike fins, eels that look like snakes and fish that look like eels, misshapen fish with catlike eyes and the tails of rats and still uglier fish with dragon teeth and flesh of jelly.

When each netload of fish spills onto the afterdeck, Bullis and his crew wade into the slithery heap, sorting out the edible specimens, then searching the refuse for super oddities. Over the years they have netted some very queer prizes. In 1959, in one load of abyssal fish that they brought up from a depth of 7,000 feet in the Gulf of Mexico, they found an unopened can of Falstaff beer. That same year, while dragging the bottom of the Caribbean 70 miles north of Trinidad, Bullis and his crew hauled in a six-wheel General Motors truck. (The truck

apparently had been driven by a little old mermaid from Pasadena. There were only 17 miles on the speedometer, and the tires were like new.) In 1961, in 1,800 feet of water 100 miles east of the Mississippi delta, one of Bullis' crew brought up a dinner plate with an odd U-shaped break in it—an unusual recovery considering that one of the crewmen had thrown it over the side six years earlier. During a search for a hard-shelled shrimp called *Squilla herosirens* south of Cape Hatteras, the crew of the exploratory vessel *Combat*, while winching in its net, picked up a World War II mine. Although the mine luckily exploded



BULLIS INSPECTS A GIANT RED PRAWN

ed while still 300 yards astern, the concussion was enough to knock Fisherman Ernest Williams off his feet and rouse Warren Rathjen, the expedition leader, from his afternoon siesta.

While hunting for marketable seafood, Bullis and Co. have also served the profitless world of pure science. In museums and research labs around the world today there are more than a million specimens of fish crustaceans and mollusks—including some 300 new species—that were collected and preserved by Bullis and the exploratory crews under his command. Of all the rare fish that

continued

Bullis has run across in 19 years the strangest has not yet been given a thorough going-over by any taxonomist or systematics expert. One night while dragging a midwater trawl at a depth of 300 feet in the Gulf of Mexico, Bullis picked up a four-foot-long, pencil-thin creature that looks like an eel but structurally is quite different from any known species. Bullis' un-eely eel has more than 500 vertebrae in its sinuous spine and a peculiar mouth, with a midsection that remains open even when the jaws are fully closed. Its respiratory system is stranger still. Whereas even the most unsymmetrical of bony fishes—the flounders, flukes and other flatfish—have functional gills on both sides of their bodies, Bullis' odd-hill eel has a gill system on the left side but not even a vestige of one on the right. Bullis is reluctant to turn his rare, unsymmetrical find over to experts until he finds another specimen or two like it. For the time being it sits in his office in a jar of Formalin—a freak that seems to have little connection with any other fish of the past or present.

Out of respect for the massive contribution he has made to its cause, the scientific community has bestowed a number of honors on Bullis, including one or two he could have done as well without. Some years back, when the wives of a dozen zoologists in the Gulf Coast area held a squid-pickling contest, their husbands insisted that Bullis, and only Bullis, was qualified to judge the entries. Largely to satisfy his own curiosity, Bullis has eaten the flesh of quite a few unappealing sea creatures, notably the giant marine pill bug *Alpheoidea gigantea*, the benthic spider crab *Gecarcinus quatuordecim*, and the etiolated rattail fish *Nezumia hardi*. Despite his penchant for seafood oddities, before he had sampled all the squid in the competition he became too ill to pick a winner.

In recognition of his collecting prowess, several marine species have been named for Bullis. The most aptly named is the species hulk of the family *Alpocephalidae*—a primitive, slack-headed, deep-dwelling fish akin to the salmon and herring. All species of the *Alpocephalidae* were considered rarities until 1963 when, as a result of one astonishing haul off the coast of Surinam, Bullis ended up literally knee-deep in them. As he recalls the occasion: "The net came up packed almost solid with alpocephalids—more than 1½ tons of slimy critters covered with mucus. When that load swung aboard a ton and a half of goo hit the deck. The boat was rolling in swells so that all the fish and slime kept going from one side to the other. On every roll, streams of rare fish were squirting out of the scuppers back into the water. Meanwhile we were staggering around the deck trying to save the rest of them. When you are on a rolling boat, wading around in 3,000 pounds of alpocephalids, it's hard to take a step without landing on your butt."

A large number of the alpocephalids from the record haul off Surinam were preserved and shipped to Dr. Albert Parr, the former director of the American Museum of Natural History, who has been working on a definitive study of the alpocephalids since the late '30s (and might well have hushed by now except for the glut of specimens that Bullis unloaded on him). "We shipped hundreds and hundreds of specimens to Dr. Parr," Bullis recalls. "We kept sending them until I ran into him at a meeting in Miami and he asked me please to stop because they were crowding him out of his office."

Measured against other men, Bullis himself is a rather unusual creature in one respect. Today, when many workers of the world are singing tunes of dis-

content, Bullis goes around publicly announcing that he loves his job. Recently, while rummaging through memories of his Wisconsin boyhood, he declared, "I still get the same kick out of collecting things that I did as a kid. I always liked to hunt and fish and swim, but my earliest memories are of collecting things—cats and dogs and frogs and jars full of bumblebees and roly-poly bugs. I had the most wonderful parents in the world. When I brought home 10 or 20 grass snakes my mother would scream, 'Get those things out of here!' But she would let me keep them."

"I went out for sports in high school, but I must have had a low threshold of pain or something. Every time I got on a field I either damn near broke my neck or was knocked silly. The first time I put on boxing gloves my opponent connected after I had taken one or two swings and I saw bright lights. Freshman year in high school I made a beautiful catch of a kickoff with the football coach watching. Then someone hit me. I came to in the school nurse's office. So I said to hell with that stuff. Most boys in my day had heroes like Babe Ruth, but to me Babe Ruth was a candy bar. My heroes were Frank Buck, Martin Johnson and Admiral Byrd."

In World War II Bullis applied for flight training, but before he was even through the preliminaries the Air Corps was so overstocked with pilots that they made him into a radio operator. "I didn't really care if I was a pilot or what," Bullis says. "I would have joined up as the front landing wheel on a B-25 if they had offered me the job. I just wanted to get into the air in the worst way." Bullis got his wish, in spades. He ended up in the Air Transport Command based at Jorhat in the highlands of North India. Before the war was done he had flown the Himalayan hump



BIG-EYED RATTAIL FISH PROSPERS AT DEPTH OF HALF A MILE

UNIQUE ANGLER FISH LIVES IN MUD ON CONTINENTAL SLOPE



between India and China 120 times.

It was during an unusual nighttime vigil on the way to India that Bullis began his lifelong commitment to the sea. En route to Jorhat, his transport crew laid over for a day in Natal, Brazil, where Bullis went to the beach and got too much sun. The crew next stopped overnight at Ascension Island, one of the sea mounts of lost Atlantis that has somehow managed to keep its head above water. When they landed on Ascension, Bullis' sunburn was so painful that he could not lie down, much less sleep. He spent the night wandering the edge of the sea. In the bleak light of the moon he found spiny lobsters and watched large turtles lumber out of the water to lay their eggs. He caught fish on hooks he fashioned out of steel wire, and he scrounged the waterline for shells, crabs and other odd bits of biota. "That night on Ascension Island," he says, "was a fantastic experience. The whole time one thought kept running through my mind: How could I get a job that would let me live in such a world?"

Scientists who have collaborated with him conclude that one of the prime traits that Bullis has going for him in his commercial fisheries work is an unshaken, almost childlike faith that there can always be a braver, newer world. And for sure, if there was ever an industry that needed faith in the future, commercial fishing is it. As Bullis himself appraises the situation: "There is probably no more traditional, rock-ribbed, do-it-as-your-father-did group in the U.S. than commercial fishermen. It's time we got down to the nitty-gritty and realized that the days of the rugged individual, the Captains Courageous, are gone. In Pascagoula, what we are mainly trying to do is develop new concepts that will stretch the imaginations of fishermen and make them part of the 20th century."

Bullis envisions the day when schooling fish of the open sea will be harvested by automated barges requiring only supervisory and maintenance personnel. The barges will incorporate all the equipment necessary both to harvest and process the fish. In the Lesser Antilles, Bullis and Bob Cummins, the chief of the exploratory substation in Brunswick, Ga., have already experimented with a barge that attracts schooling fish with lights and sucks them up through a pipe. In the course of their experiments they discovered a curious re-

action by some of the industrially valuable school fish. When the intensity of the light was maintained at a constant level, the schooling fish eventually began to drift away, seeming, in effect, to lose interest. To offset this, Bullis and Cummins tried dimming the lights, searching, as it were, for an appealing level that might hold the fish. One night Bullis accidentally hit the switch and turned the light suddenly up to peak intensity. The school instantly fled into the surrounding darkness. Then, incredibly, in about 15 seconds, the school rushed back and crowded so densely around the suction pipe that some of the fish were forced up out of the water on the backs of the rest of the school.

To guarantee that there will be concentrations of fish in the general area of the beaming lights of a suction barge, Bullis has several tricks in mind, the simplest being merely an arrangement of outlying floats. Since many species of schooling fish tend to gather under and around such surface shelters in the daytime, if such floats are placed strategically, there would be an increased likelihood of concentrations in the general area when night came. Bullis is also toying with a trickier means of bringing fish in: the use of electricity. For some time now scientists have known that by means of an electrical current fish can be made to swim back to point A. At the Pascagoula research base, one of Bullis' assistants, Backlogist Ed Khma, has electrically motivated croakers, mackerel and herring doing 20 laps in a test pool. (Any fish fancier who considers exercising his aquarium pets electrically is hereby warned: Electrifying fish is a fairly exact business that involves a number of variables, including even the size of the fish. If you give a fish of certain size too little current, you get no response. Give him too much and you end up with a dead fish.)

While such harvesting schemes may seem too fanciful and Tom Swifty ever to be practical, one such system is already in use. In the Gulf and Caribbean there are two nocturnal species of shrimp called pinks and browns that burrow by day, thus escaping the net when it passes across the bottom. In the daytime pink and brown shrimp are now jumping out of their burrows and into an electrical trawl devised by Bullis and his Pascagoula noodlers.

In the 1950s James Higman, a research

student at the Miami Institute of Marine Science, found that a pulse of electrical current caused shrimp to contract their abdominal muscles. Taking up where Higman left off, the experimenters at Pascagoula tested thousands of shrimp individually to find just what voltage and pulse rate were best to make shrimp jump consistently six inches out of their burrows. They then devised a trawl with a series of electrical lines preceding the foot of the net in such a way that shrimp would get electrical pulses at the proper rate. In comparison tests on a good mud bottom the electric trawl caught the same quantity of nocturnal shrimp by day that ordinary trawls do at night. To convince doubting Thomases, Bullis and his crew transported pink shrimp from the Gulf 400 miles to clear Bahamian waters off the island of Eleuthera. Scuba divers took 200 of the shrimp down and spaced them about six feet apart on the bottom, placing an orange-painted scallop shell beside each burrowed shrimp. The exploratory trawler used to harvest this man-made shrimp ground also towed a sled, with underwater cameramen just ahead of the net. In the movies taken by the divers, as the electrical system passes over each orange scallop shell, right on cue a shrimp pops out of the bottom and into the net. Last year an electrical shrimp trawl patterned after the prototype developed by Bullis and his crew was put on the market by the Electro Products, Inc. of Pensacola and is now being used in the Gulf and Caribbean and also off the west coast of Africa.

Six years ago David Causey, an invertebrate biologist at the University of Arkansas, described Bullis, the visionary fish snoop, in a way that needs no updating. "Thus far I've resisted all invitations to go with Bullis on a trip," Causey observed. "He is the sort of person who would take you out to see a sunset and bring you back three months later. I don't know much about his habits, but I suspect that after the day's work is done he puts a pair of forceps and vials in his pocket, lights a cigar and drops overboard for a quiet walk on the floor of the Gulf of Mexico. . . . All I'm sure about him is that when he has a dreamy, faraway look in his eyes . . . thinking, no doubt, about oceanographic work on the far side of the moon, I'm in for trouble. He has no respect for age or gray hairs."

END

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# RIDING

Coaching at Newport, one of the sporting galas of the social calendar around the turn of the century, was re-created at the last meeting of The Carriage Association of America, which drew many of the group's 600 members and their elegant equipages to the Rhode Island resort. For three days (following pages) they participated in driving demonstrations, marathons, coachman horn-blowing competitions and parades and attracted large, appreciative audiences, evidence of the rising interest in the

art of driving (SI, June 24, 1968). The carriage age is making a modest comeback as horse lovers discover its pleasures—from a single pony hitched to a governess cart to an expensive four-in-hand pulling a \$20,000 Brewster coach. Here, leaving the Hammersmith Farm of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss for the 10-mile ride to Marble House, is the Brewster park drag of Chauncey Stillman, pulled by four Hackneys and driven by Mrs. Frank Haydon, who flew from England for the event.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK



# TO NOSTALGIA





*A*long Ocean Drive, James K. Robinson Jr. moves his Hackney-Clydesdale crossbreds (left) under the eye of his wife, also an experienced whip, who sits next to him on the box. At right, George Weymouth halts his unscarred bitch of Standardbreds in front of The Elms, below, Meg Ferguson looks for a parking place at Marble House for her homebred Morgan drawing a phaeton.



*L*amps that once adorned the coach of the Duke of Wellington are part of a private collection owned by C. Mathews Dick. From another collection comes the road coach Venture (following page) with which Alfred Vanderbilt became the first American to win an event at Richmond, England in 1907. It is driven by John Seabrook, who duplicated Vanderbilt's feat half a century later.









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At first the place does not strike you as particularly unusual—no better than any other well-kept subdivision of Paradise. The East Fork of the White River flows on the 11,549-foot level of the mountains and falls 5,000 feet in 15 magnificent miles; 26 still, cold lakes are scattered here and there in a million acres of forest; there are 850 campgrounds carpeted with wall-to-wall pine needles; and fishermen, who pay the Apache Indians 75¢ a day for the privilege (only 50¢ for each succeeding day if they stay more than one), catch rainbow trout in the lakes or on Diamond Creek or Bog Creek, on North Fork or on the rugged East Fork, where Geronimo used to hide out.

This is the Fort Apache Indian Reservation of east-central Arizona, an undeveloped tract of 1,664,872 acres that can be reached by highway from Phoenix 185 desert miles away. Back in 1871 the Government put the Apache Indians there—or let them stay there—because there was nothing in the region anyone else wanted. In so doing they confined them in one of the most beautiful parts of the world. After having existed frugally from the sale of cattle and timber for nearly a century, the Apaches have now established a profit-making corporation, White Mountain Recreation Enterprise, wholly owned by the 5,000-member tribe, which last year grossed some \$1.5 million from the sale of permits for 408,923 days of fishing and the sale of tackle, food and the necessities of life to campers and fishermen and hunters. The business has just begun to bring returns, and the reservation is so big and so undeveloped that 10 times as many vacationers as will be there this summer can be taken in without crowding.

Even in Paradise the Apaches of Arizona were merely existing on income from the sale of cattle and timber.

Now they are incorporated and the tourist money rolls in

## THE HAPPIEST FISHING GROUND

by ROBERT CANTWELL

"We're not dying off," said Nelson Lupe, when I visited him not long ago in the town of Whiteriver. "We're growing." Lupe was the tribal chairman who persuaded the Apaches to set up Recreation Enterprise and let vacationers enjoy life on the reservation. He eased his burly frame out of a hattered pickup truck and sat down on the porch of the tribal council building with an air of authority. It was Sunday morning, church bells were ringing, small Indian children, the girls in white dresses and the boys in trim suits, passed by on the path, going to Sunday School. Whiteriver, with a population of 1,500, is the largest community on the reservation. It is outside the forest area, a sprawling collection of government offices, a store, a big new school, a new courthouse and jail, scattered wooden houses and trailers.

Here the tribal council launched the Apaches' enterprise in outdoor recreation. "This was a wonderful adventure," said Lupe. "Let me tell you the beginning of how I got into this. I gained some knowledge working off the reservation during the war. I worked in Nevada on construction of an air base, and from there I went to Morenci, Ariz. to work in a smelter. The manpower shortage was awful; we worked 16 hours a day, six days a week. And then on Sunday, golly, you wanted to

get out of that dreary place. We had an old pickup, just like this one here. We used to drive up the mountains above Morenci on the Coronado Trail. When you get on top there, you get beautiful springs, you know, and oak trees and beautiful shade. The kids loved that place. We did that every weekend. Four years I worked there. And I kind of thought about this place, I didn't

think about it as outdoor recreation at the time. I just wanted to go to a place where there was a stream, where I could lay down just in the shade somewhere and get a little snack and a picnic and take the kids out there."

Nearly 10 years passed before Lupe had a chance to work out the notion that came to him on his days off at the smelter. Before the war he had served on the tribal council but, when he returned to the reservation after the war, the council's work seemed to him to be futile, and he decided not to stand for reelection. "My wife was in the hospital," he said, "I told her, 'I don't want to run for council any more. We're not getting anywhere.' She said, 'Nelson, come here.' I walked over to her. It was during visiting hours. She said, 'Nelson, I want you to run for council. I insist you run for council. One of these days the people are going to thank you for it.' So I stood for the council again.

"In 1950 they put me in there as chairman. And this was serious to me, right from the beginning." Lupe persuaded the council to make the chairmanship a full-time job and he enlisted the help of the late Silas Davis, an old-line Bureau of Indian Affairs official who had charge of the lookout towers and a crew of rangers to prevent forest fires. Davis loved the country and learned to know the woods intimately in the course of his

*continued*

work. He traveled with Lupe to look over the land and consider money-making projects the tribe could undertake. Davis knew many Arizona sportsmen and arranged for fishing permits for the few fishermen who made their way to the reservation. "But they sold very few permits," Lupe went on. "Most people who came here fished for free. It was just a summer sport for them, and they didn't pay anything to the tribe. It was Sy Davis who kind of pictured the whole thing to me. We'd talk about the streams. We'd drive out, and he'd say, 'Wouldn't it be wonderful, Nelson, to have a campground in here? We could sell fishing licenses and stock the stream with fish, so fishermen can come back here and give us some money in the summertime.' And right then and there, my mind went back to Morenci. That was the thing I was thinking about there."

With its three motels, five service stations, tackle stores, liquor stores, the Apache Flame Tavern, its trailer camp, boat rental business and its 130 employees—and its memorial plaque to Sy Davis at Hawley Lake—Recreation Enterprise has become so successful that few recall its early days. But they were tough. "There was opposition within the tribe, quite a bit," said Lupe. "The oldtimers, you know, they had this feeling about white people. Not trusting them. All the subchiefs were opposed. All the medicine men. The main opponents—let's see, F-1 was alive at the time and C-1. Then there was somebody from Carrizo. He took the place of N-1."

F-1? C-1? N-1? What sort of names were these? "They're just brand names," he explained. During the Indian Wars in the Southwest, when Congress authorized a special force of Indian scouts, Company A was composed of White Mountain Apaches. Army paymasters had trouble spelling such Indian names as Hoggynoggy, Gushonay, Duhkoshay, Noshchuggy and the like, so the scouts were identified by a number and letter on identity tags that they carried on cords worn around the neck. Alchesay, the last hereditary chief of the Apaches, became A-1. Indian scouts existed as a special force in the Army from 1866 until 1947 and, as Fort Apache was a cavalry post for more than 50 years, the scouts and former scouts—they received the same pay and allowance as cavalrymen—became prominent figures in tribal affairs. Such wealth as the Apache

es had was in cattle, and the descendants of the scouts used the old Army identity numbers for their cattle brands.

"These people, you know, they objected to it," said Lupe. "Very much. They said, 'We been giving the white people a free hand and we been losing our land.' They said, 'Our land used to go beyond Springerville, way back behind that white mountain, and the other way the boundary went way back toward Tonto, Camp Verde, Flagstaff, all over that place. Apaches used to roam between Camp Verde and Pleasant Valley. And they went along that river towards where Roosevelt Dam is and back up the Sierra Ancha and on the east side and on the west side.'"

"We got to forget about this," I told them. "Let these people—white people—come to our reservation. We'll start selling fishing permits. We'll start making money from them." The oldtimers felt that we were going to lose our land, and the white people were going to come in on us and take over our land. I said, "As long as we develop our land, from corner to corner, we'll have something to hold and something to be proud of and something that we can claim as our own and something that we have done ourselves in developing the resources." I said, "This is the only way we can keep up our fence pretty strong."

Were there many supporters within the tribe? "Well, actually, I was the only one that had that idea about letting white people into the reservation for recreation," he said. "It took me about two years after I became full-time chairman. I used to go from one council member to the next one. 'What is your idea? Have you changed your mind? Are you still going along with somebody's old-time idea?' The first major project of Recreation Enterprise was to build an earth dam and create 250-acre Hawley Lake. All reservation land is owned by the tribe collectively, with the Government as trustee, but half-acre lots are now leased for 25 years for cabin sites in the recreation area around the lake at rentals of \$40 to \$175 annually, with cabin designs (in the \$5,000 to \$30,000 class) approved by the tribe. "We took some of the Apaches opposed to Recreation Enterprise, cattle owners from the North Fork, over to Hawley Lake," Lupe said. "We pictured to them—we pictured the dam, the lake, home sites, the fishing, everything. They objected

to it. They said, 'It's going to take a lot of our grazing land.'"

"I said, 'Cattle raise us money, all right. But we got to think about the members of the tribe that don't have cattle. The day might come when they going to tell you they might tax you for the income from your cattle. The cattle belong to you. The grass the cattle eat belongs to you. But the grass belongs to them, too. They might tell you they going to tax you for the grass so they can get some money from the cattle you have.'" Lupe's logic won the opposition over and Recreation Enterprise got started.

After a few days on the reservation you begin to wonder how it came about that the boundaries were set as they were, virtually monopolizing all the green and well-watered vacationland of Arizona. The southern boundary of the reservation is the Black River, a big, wild stream flowing through a deep canyon, the principal source of the Salt River, a region still untouched even by such meager developments as the cleared spaces on the riverbanks that form the campgrounds of Recreation Enterprise. Part of the northern boundary lies about 20 miles beyond the White River, near a fairly well-built-up area around Show Low and Pinetop, small towns that have expanded greatly because of vacationers who use the reservation's recreational riches but do not want to stay on the reservation itself. The northeastern portion of the reservation is high mountain country (Baldy Peak reaches 11,590 feet and holds snow on its north slope through July), enclosing the biggest ponderosa pine forest in the U.S. The southwestern half is an eerie, bleached, uninhabited high desert land ending in the chasm of the Salt River, which is not so big as the Grand Canyon but still awesome in its depths and sheer walls.

The forested section contains about half of all the trout streams of Arizona. Jim Sparks, an amiable ex-Texan who is the manager of Recreation Enterprise, has measured some 400 miles of trout streams in the reservation. The mule deer herd is very large, but the Apaches will not let anyone except tribal members shoot deer. They also reserve wild turkeys for tribal hunters, with the result that you see many turkeys in the woods. Recreation Enterprise issues around 700 elk permits a year at \$30 each, around 100 antelope permits at \$25 and 400

bear permits at \$10. Javelina, mountain lion, quail and dove are also hunted. So many different kinds of outdoor recreation are found within the reservation's boundaries that the question grows the more you travel in it: Who set those boundaries in the first place?

It is a mystery. During the wars led by the Apache chiefs Cochise and Mangas Coloradas after the Civil War, the Army set up Camp Apache, a regiment-size post some 200 miles from Tucson, then the only big town (2,000 inhabitants) in the territory. On Nov. 9, 1871 President Grant signed an executive order making a reservation of the White Mountain region around Camp Apache. All the reservation land titles (and all the land titles to the property adjacent to the reservation) are traced back to this executive order. But if you look up the order you find there are no boundaries in it. "The boundaries of which," it reads, "were defined in letter of H. M. Robert, major of engineers, dated headquarters military division of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., Jan. 31, 1870."

This is getting a little closer. You know the name of Major Robert, though not in this connection. He was Henry Martyn Robert, the author of *Robert's Rules of Order*. He was born in South Carolina, graduated from West Point in 1857 and had an undistinguished career in the Civil War because of ill health and, perhaps, because so many of his relatives were Confederate officers. He was given such unimportant tasks as preparing the defenses of New Bedford, Mass. While in Philadelphia he was required to act as chairman at a public meeting. When he looked for a manual of instructions, he found there was no such work. So he wrote his own, based on the usages in the House of Commons and the U.S. Congress. In the enthusiasm for public meetings of all kinds after the war *Robert's Rules of Order* sold a million copies.

The Army was unimpressed by Major Robert's reputation as a parliamentarian and sent him to the Far West to measure the distances between military posts. He had a wagon with a wheel 12' 7" in circumference, attached to a device that recorded each revolution of the wheel. With this contraption he painfully made his way over the bare, rocky miles from Tucson to Camp Apache, and from there across the Superstition Mountains

continued



NELSON LUPE FINALLY CONVINCED HIS TRIBE THERE WAS A FUTURE IN FISHING

and the desert to Yuma, and then over dunes and more desert to San Diego, until he had measured 1,700 miles of the best routes from one fort to the next.

In San Francisco he was given the task of outlining the boundaries of the new reservation as an authority who had been on "a four months tour of inspection of all the military posts in Arizona and Southern California." Major Robert said the Apache reservation boundary should start at the New Mexico border, run west to "a point due north of Sombrero or Plumoso Butte," then, vaguely, "in the direction" of the Pico Colorado River, which no longer exists on maps, to the crest of the Apache Mountains and then up Pinal Creek to the crest of the Pinal Range, the Gila Mountains, the Almagra Mountains and, as he said with grand vague finality, along the crest of "other mountains . . . to the New Mexican boundary near Steeple Rock." Since this was barely mapped and nobody knew where these landmarks were, nothing was clear about the reservation except that it was big. Later executive orders set aside the southern half of this immense terrain as the San Carlos Reservation and removed sections here and there and returned them to the public domain, so the Apaches always had an understandable uneasiness as to what the boundaries actually were.

And yet for once in the dark history of the Indian Wars the Government act-

ed with humanity and good sense. The original executive order setting aside the White Mountain Reservation read, "There are several bands of peaceably disposed Apaches, who have for many years lived in this country, who cannot be removed without much suffering to themselves, risk of war, and expenses to the Government." So they were allowed to remain where they were, and with their passionate attachment to a world of streams and shade they undoubtedly communicated their wishes to the officers at Camp Apache who advised Major Robert.

The Apache campgrounds are free, except in a few improved areas where the fee is 75¢ a day. Most of the people who stay in them travel in campers or with trailers behind their cars. They seem to be always on the move. Even fishing—often a contemplative sport—is a strangely hazy pastime here. You see anglers hurrying from one pool and clambering over boulders to another.

Gripped by the universal restlessness, I borrowed a spinning outfit and on successive days fished in Diamond Creek, the East Fork, the North Fork, Hawley Lake, Bear Lake and A-I Lake. A Government biologist estimated that, on the average, a fisherman on the reservation catches one fish for each hour and 20 minutes of fishing; my record reduced the average, but I caught a lot of fish, more fish than I ever caught be-

fore, hatchery trout, some 10 to 12 inches, and released them all.

In the small campgrounds in the forest the individual camps are usually widely separated, but still within sight of each other. You see freightht the last thing at night, gleaming through the tree trunks, and in the morning you see the fires built up again and the fishermen driving away in their cars to try a new spot on a lake.

As for the Indians, they leave you alone. On my last evening on the reservation I drove toward a campground near the headwaters of the East Fork, but the road turned out to be so narrow and rough that I thought I might not be able to get to my destination or find a place wide enough to turn the trailer around. On a little wooded terrace about 20 feet above the river an Apache family was camped, a man and wife, the children and a grandmother. I asked if I would be intruding if I parked the trailer on the same shelf, which would be about 200 feet from their camp. They were astonished at the question—anyone can camp anywhere—and politely guided the vehicle into place between two pine trees before returning to the privacy of their own campfire.

I went to the river to catch a trout for supper. My experience up to then made me think it would be easy to do so. A thunderstorm broke before I got my line in the water, and I went back to shelter. When the storm ended my neighbor built up his campfire again and brought me two trout: he had caught his limit before the storm broke.

Early in the morning I went back to the river with a fresh angelform for bait—it was what my neighbor used—to catch a fish that I would want to keep. There was a small pool, lined with concave rock walls, directly below my camp. It did not look right, but just beyond it was a larger pool, the size of a couple of boxcars, that seemed promising, and the narrow chute that led from one pool to the other appeared clear enough so a fish could be brought in through it without the line snagging on rocks. I dropped the worm in the chute and immediately had a strike.

The fish did not jump, it simply saw-sawed back and forth, hack and forth, going nowhere. When I reeled in I could not get back any line at all. I had hooked something too big for me to handle.



RONNIE LUPE (CENTER), NELSON'S SON, IS CHAIRMAN OF THE APACHE COUNCIL

The fish ran, and the line was strung out like a displaced telephone wire, not in the second pool or the one below it, but the next one beyond that. Somewhere along that rocky route the line was fouled. There was nothing to do but break off, and I hoped it would break in such a fashion that the fish would not be swimming around dragging 200 feet of line the rest of his life. So I yanked and it pulled free. I cranked in the line and somehow got its hook over the rocks separating three different pools. It was as good a way as any to end my last day of fishing.

Fishing on the reservation is so popular that Recreation Enterprise no longer has to promote it. Now the planning is concentrated on a ski resort on Mount Ord, with a chair lift to the 11,315-foot summit, a 75-room lodge at the 9,200-foot level, ski runs with a vertical drop of 2,000 feet and a season from December through April.

Nelson Tupe has his own hopes for the future. He is no longer the tribal chairman. His son Ronnie holds that post now—but he still serves on the council. "We found out what we lack," Nelson said. "We lack business knowledge. When we began our recreation program, we hired our own Apaches to run the business. And it was a failure, a complete failure. We had to hire white people to run it. We lack so many things, you know, experience in handling money, in bookkeeping and the things we do in stores. And this is where we need education. To take over our business. This recreation is getting to be a pretty big business for the tribe. We need our own tribal members to take responsible positions as managers or clerks or something, to really make it go."

"And what I would like to see is individual Apaches go into private business on their own, establishing filling stations, motels and little grocery stores, places where they sell fishing supplies and things that fishermen need. As individuals we can't operate anything like that now. We have those operations only as tribal enterprises belonging to the whole tribe with managers we hire. But now there are indications that the boys and the girls would like to go in there and see what they can do. And at this point I think we're taking hold of the thing that I envisioned before we went into this Recreation Enterprise."

END



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"If anyone wants some b6ar meat, I've got some," said **Hubert Humphrey**, and so he had. The former Vice-President had just returned from a hunt on a game preserve northwest of Moscow, where he bagged a 70-kilo (154 pounds) b6ar—a memorable achievement for a man who up to now has seldom ventured anything bigger than birds.

On the eve of the moon landing a Philadelphia newspaper conducted a poll at city hall, checking out what the local politicians' first word would be, were they in Armstrong's Astroboots. One city councilman indicated that he wouldn't just talk. "I'd mark off a 100-meter course and run it, and thus I'd at least have a moon record for a while, and my name would be in the record books." The councilman's name is already in the record books. Princess Grace's brother, **Jack Kelly**, won a bronze medal in the 1956 Olympics for the single scull.

♦ **Jackie Stewart** retreats to Scotland between races to relax in a fashion appropriate to a grandson of a Scottish gamekeeper fishing for salmon. He killed

three here on the Spey, a 20-pounder and two weighing in at 14 pounds apiece.

**Janis Paige** is on the road with the musical comedy *Mame* and last week she spent part of her spare time at the Chagrin Valley Professional Horseman's Association Show. She was particularly interested in the jumper classes, having won a cup in one of them herself. "The first cup I won meant so much to me," she says, "that I placed it next to my husband's Academics Award." Obviously Miss Paige is more of a horsewoman than the character she portrays.

**San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto** and the city's chief of protocol, **Cyril Maginn**, recently invited 59 consultants to a Giants Dodgex game—and 35 accepted and brought their wives. Since most of them had never seen a ball game, Maginn undertook to brief the group at a pregame champagne brunch. "Our boys, the Giants, wear white uniforms," he explained. "We are the heroes. The Dodgers wear gray uniforms. They are the enemy. When we [Maginn and Alioto] wave our hands, you shout, like this: Hoo-ray!" When we remain silent, you remain silent." However, come game time Alioto and Maginn chickened out. **Walter (The Great) Mink**, once a Series pitcher for Cleveland and now a Giants PR man, was called in as cheerleader and after four innings he had his distinguished charges roaring splendidly on cue. When it was all over and the Giants had been urged to a 5-4 victory, **Carl-Henrik Petersen** of Sweden announced thoughtfully, "I am now a Giants fan. The game was fascinating and amazing. More amazing than fascinating, however."

"Did I bring my golf clubs along? I wouldn't go to the bathroom without them," says Comedian **Dick Martin**, socking it



to those fans who think he never sets foot out of doors. Martin is on tour with **Dan Rowan** and part of the *Louche-In* cast and he claims, "My road manager has to line up tee times before he books shows. I want to play the best courses we can get on. I outlasted matinees and insisted there be no rehearsals before 4 in the afternoon, and it's worked perfectly. I got to play in every city we've been in, in Toronto I played six courses. Dan couldn't care less about golf," Martin adds. "He'd rather sleep. He used to play, but the game got to him. He got terribly upset and threw clubs. But I'd rather play golf than anything else except...well, you can't play golf at night."

**Marta Vasconcelos**, the Brazilian lass who was last year's Miss Universe, has come to the end of her reign, and not a minute too soon, either. She found it

all horrible and boring, it seems, and one of the duties she found too horrible to perform was kissing winning race drivers. "I kiss only my father and my boyfriend," sniffs Miss Universe, abandoning any racing hopes to mere glory and money.

♦ Actor **David Hemmings** (with wife **Gayle Hunnicutt**) hobbled onto the London premiere of his film, *Alfred the Great*, on crutches. The mighty had fallen—playing baseball. Hemmings is a member of a group known as The Mount Street Football and Marching Association, which includes such actors as **Tommy Steele**, **Tom Courtenay** and **Terence Stamp**. They meet regularly for Saturday lunch and pretty regularly Sunday mornings to play soccer in fall and winter and baseball in summer. In his first baseball game Hemmings chipped a bone in his ankle trying to leg out a grounder.







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## *This is one stag who can outrun the hounds*

**Derek Clayton, a draftsman from Melbourne, looks to be too big for the marathon but he ranks with the best. He drives himself so furiously that he runs races in record time, except when he slips into a tree**

The history of marathon running is built around the careers of little fellows who would look more at home on the backs of racehorses. The men best designed to tackle the marathon's double-barrelled challenge of pace and distance are those who travel light, and the rule of the race has always been that a good little man can beat a good big man anytime. Now along comes a relative giant named Derek Clayton who breaks all the rules and the records. Clayton, an Irishman from Belfast who currently lives in Melbourne, Australia, is 6' 2" tall. Most of Clayton's competition is six to 10 inches shorter, and when he runs, the image evoked is that of a huge stag pursued by snapping beagles.

The ending is usually happy, however, because Clayton may be the best marathoner currently slap-slap-slapping rubber to asphalt. He has won seven of his 10 races and is the only runner ever to cover the marathon's 26 miles, 385 yards in under two hours, 10 minutes. And he's done it twice. Marathon courses differ so widely that world records are never official but, official or not, the fastest-ever time of 2:08:33 that Clayton set on May 30 in Antwerp averages out to an impressive 4.54 per mile. Last week in the British marathon championship at Manchester, Clayton finished second in the good time of 2:15:40. He is not the sort to offer excuses, but the race was held on a very hot and humid day and Clayton had recently returned from a two-week tour of Scandinavia.

It seems ludicrous to speak of natural-born marathon runners (the event is so unnatural), but if there is such an animal Clayton must be it. The key to his success is a daily training ordeal that most runners couldn't cope with once a week. "If your aim is to run five-minute miles in a race," Clayton says, "then it's no good doing six-minute miles in training." The training grind with which

he regularly fustigates himself has produced some bizarre experiences. Complete collapse and a comatose state lasting 30 to 45 minutes is routine. Finishing up one 32-mile run at flat-out race speed on a hot, humid summer day, Clayton ran full tilt into a tree. "I could see the tree coming all right," he recalls. "But the message didn't get from my brain to my legs fast enough."

Ron Clarke, a Melbourne neighbor, says, "Running is fun for most of us, but for Derek it's an obsession. There is no one who can drive himself the way he does. He'll run with my group for 18 or 20 miles on Sunday morning and in the afternoon, while the rest of us are recuperating on the beach, Derek is back out there on the road thrashing himself through a much faster, harder 15-mile run."

Ordinarily anyone who treated each daily training run as if it were an Olympic final would be burned out before the target even came within range, but this may be where Clayton's size works to his advantage. "I used to go along with the myth that a big man could never be successful at the marathon," he says. "Now I know the opposite can be true. A big man is capable of doing much harder training than a small man. Because of his strength he's also able to fight through the pain that would cause a smaller man to fold up."

Another factor may be that since Clayton came late to running he still has years of enthusiasm left. As a kid growing up in Belfast he had no natural talent for the sports he liked: cricket, tennis, soccer. Even vocationally he shopped around: a short while as a draftsman, eight unhappy months in the Royal Air Force, a short term as a car salesman. "I didn't respect people who were failures," Clayton says, "and I began to think that I'd never respect myself if I didn't succeed at something."

The answer was to take up running

the mile at 19 and then move to Australia with his mother and sister when he was 20. Clayton soon found happiness as a draftsman-surveyor and as a reasonably competent distance runner. In 1965 he won his first marathon, the Victorian state championship. But it was two winning races against Clarke that finally established his reputation as a world-class runner.

In August 1967 he beat Clarke in a 15-mile road race by over a minute, then the both of them entered the Australian marathon championship. "It was a lark, really," says Clayton. "Clarke entered, I think, because he was looking for a little revenge and figured he could toss me."

Clarke couldn't. Clayton won in a national record time of 2:21:58 and was named as Australian representative to the annual Japanese open marathon race in Fukuoka. Clayton trained hard for this event, which matches the best long distance road runners in the world, and in December 1967 he ran away from the field. His time stripped more than 2½ minutes off the previous world best. He was 2:09:36, an average of 4.56 per mile.

"I felt like a well-oiled machine," he says. "As if I were not running but simply sitting at the wheel of a Rolls-Royce. I was running fast, but it felt so great and seemed so effortless."

Clayton's emphatic performance in Japan made him, despite the hazards of Mexico City's 7,349-foot altitude, a strong pre-Olympic favorite. He took the role seriously. "I knew that altitude certainly wasn't going to help me," he says. "Runners trained at high altitudes were going to have an advantage. I decided I would work so hard that I would overcome that advantage." Each morning at 6, Clayton rose at the clang of his alarm clock, sipped hot water, did calisthenics and walked around the dining room table until he felt sufficiently



**LIKE AN AMBLING TOWER,** Clayton stolidly puffs out his chest in the British marathon. Undertrained for race because of a Scandinavian injury, he wound up second behind little Ron Hill (54)

loose and awake to embark on a six- or seven-mile run, done at a six-minute-per-mile pace. Each evening after work he would undergo his really serious training of the day, a run of 15 or 20 miles at race speeds of 5 to 5½ minutes per mile. Each Saturday afternoon he would cover a full marathon distance—alone naturally—in a time of 2½ hours or less. Sunday morning he ran with Clarke and Sunday afternoon he ran alone. Total mileage was between 175 and 220 miles per week, much at nearly full throttle.

"The strain and the pressure were fantastic," Clayton recalls. "I was heading for physical and mental breakdown. I dreaded my evening workouts because I'd decided each one had to be really

painful to do me any good. I dreaded my morning workouts not just because it takes me so long to get going in the morning but also because it was winter in Australia and always cold and dark. Very often at night I dreamed I was basking on the beach of a palm tree-covered island with no worries and nothing to do but rest. Then the alarm would go off. I knew I had to decide quickly about getting out of bed or I'd just be there and blow the workout. After a while my brain began to feel as if it were getting tight, like a cramp. I used to lose my temper a lot, snap at people. After an evening run I'd often be too stunned to even move for half an hour. When I recovered I was usually too restless to

read or watch television. What I really wanted was to be completely alone. It looked like I'd crack up mentally first."

It must have been a pretty close race, but physical crackup reached the tape in front. Two months before the Olympics, Clayton developed a cyst on the cartilage of his right knee. It caused pain, stiffness and swelling. Doctors examined the knee and declared that he needed an operation. "Sure I needed an operation," says Clayton, "but that would be giving the Games away. I told them I'd run even if it meant losing the leg."

By the time the teams began assembling in Mexico City Clayton was among the walking wounded, and on the few occasions when he tried to train, the knee swelled up to the size of a grapefruit. Nevertheless, on race day Clayton was on the starting line, his knee filled with pain-killing injections. For the first hour he couldn't even feel that he had a leg at all. Thereafter, when the dope wore off, he felt every painful twitch and twinge. Still he limped in, a very creditable seventh, only seven minutes behind winner Mamo Wolde of Ethiopia.

After returning to Melbourne Clayton had the cartilage removed, and by last January he was able to do light jogging. In March he resumed heavy training and in May he was back, breaking world marathon records again.

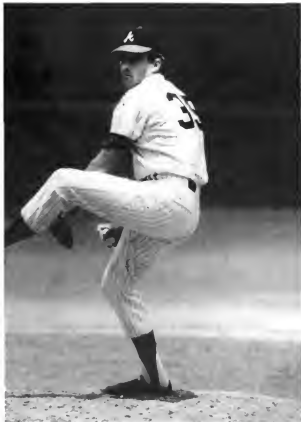
Before the recent British marathon championship, Clayton eased off heavy training. He toured Scandinavia with Clarke and ran in a number of 3,000-, 5,000-, and 10,000-meter races, barely a workout for him. This hurt at Manchester, where he finished two minutes behind Ron Hill, one of those jockey-size runners. Undertrained as Clayton was, he kept flogging himself in an effort to overtake Hill. For the last 10 miles he was in a virtual coma, and at the finish his eyes felt as if they were filled with sand (a classic symptom of dehydration) and his stomach as if it were filled with writhing snakes (symptomatic of just about anything). For 45 minutes Clayton lapsed into one of his postworkout, semiconscious states.

"I think you could say he'd overextended himself," said the doctor who examined him later, a smile emphasizing the understated assessment. "But my God, he's strong as a horse. He could run the race all over again in 48 hours."

END

## Atlanta Tranquillity Base here

Calm and quiet and always on the edge of sleep, Phil Niekro is the latest knuckleballer to drive everyone berserk with yaw and flutter



NEIKRO'S FINGERNAIL GRIP, NOW UNDER CONTROL, HAS MADE HIM A 15-GAME WINNER

They tell the story in Atlanta that a visiting African dignitary once stood behind the Braves' batting cage, watched Phil Niekro's knuckleball execute three jukes and a stutter step on its way to the plate and cried out, "Voodoo!" Now, inasmuch as voodoo is a product of the West Indies rather than Africa (much less Poland, where the Niekro family background lies), that story may be at least partly fanciful. But the fact remains that Phil Niekro's knuckleball is eerie—a fact noted by millions last week when Niekro retired the last American League batters in the All-Star Game 1-2-3.

All knuckleballs are eerie, if they work, since they seem to transcend natural law. Unlike any other projectile known to man, a properly knuckled ball will change direction suddenly, several times, in different ways and for no apparent reason. If someone had thrown a knuckleball down out of that tree, and Sir Isaac Newton had seen it coming and dodged it three times and it had hit him on the head anyway, it is frightening in think what we might now believe about the universe.

What happens is that when Niekro arches the first two fingers of his right hand so that only their tips and nails touch the ball, he forsakes all humanity imparted spin and consigns his delivery to the diverse air currents between him and the plate. That is why he has hit so many catchers in the forehead. It is also why some sluggers just take their 0-for-4s and forget about it when they have to face Niekro. "When I was with the Phillies," the Braves' Bob Uecker maintains, "Rachie Allen used to go up there and just swing at anything and sit down. He didn't want to mess up his swing fooling around with a thing like that."

Still, while Niekro has hoodooed catchers and hitters for several years he had not won many more games than he lost until this season, when he and a 20-year-old rookie receiver named Bob Dider at last brought his wizardry more or less under control. Consequently, the taciturn, placid 30-year-old righthander has a 15-8 record, as many wins as anyone in the majors, and he should become the first knuckleballer ever to win more than 20 games in a season. More important to Atlanta, he might even become the Braves' first abiding stopper since Warren Spahn. Because knuckleballs seem to suspend the natural aging

process in the arm, Nickro might then settle down into relief work until 1985, when he will reach the present age, 46, of senior knuckleballer Hoyt Wilhelm, who is currently helping out the Angels in his 18th big league season. Nickro might even last longer than Wilhelm. That would be eerie.

Like old Hoyt, Nickro has been relying on the knuckler since boyhood. Phil's father, a miner, taught him to throw it in their Lamsing, Ohio backyard when Phil was in the sixth grade. Most kids try to throw a knuckleball, understandably enough, with their knuckles on the ball. But Phil Sr. was a pitcher for the local Polish P and A Club sandlot team, and he knew that the real thing is thrown with the fingertips.

Until this year Phil Jr. always dug his nails into the leather beside the seams, but this winter he compared notes with Wilhelm for the first time and found that Hoyt gets his nails into the seams. Now Nickro finds one of his fingers straying over to the seam, he thinks the increased traction may have helped his control. He keeps eight of his fingernails trimmed or bitten down to the quick, but his two pitching nails are long and unnaturally hard, and grow much faster than the others. Sometimes between innings he will nibble or clip them slightly to get them just right.

The idea is to avoid twirling the ball and just push it, so that it will float. The last part of the hand to touch the ball should be the upper pad of the palm. On the occasions when Nickro's knuckler does not jive around, it is almost invariably because his third finger has ticked the ball as he released it and provided the pitch with unwanted spin.

Over the years Nickro has learned to put more effort behind the pitch and to control it better, but, essentially, the grip and release are just what Daddy taught him in the sixth grade. Younger brother Joe—now 24 and the ace of the San Diego staff—was unable to learn to throw the knuckler when Phil did because he was only 5 at the time and, as he recalls, "My fingers were too short." Phil passed the pitch on to him later, but by that time Joe had begun to develop a major league fast ball, something he has beaten his older brother with two of the three times they have opposed each other.

Phil throws the knuckler as often as

50% of the time now, using what passes as his fastball and a special slider curve as changes of pace. In high school he depended on the knuckler even more and won every game he pitched except for one against neighboring Tiltonville, whose pitcher was Bill Mazeroski. Still, when Phil graduated in 1957, the scouts were, as always, looking for the fastball phenoms and disregarded Nickro. Only after a year of working in the coal mines and pitching for a sandlot team did he arouse the Braves' interest at a tryout camp. They signed him for \$500.

From 1959 through 1966 Nickro threw his odd heirloom mostly in relief at such places as Wellsville and McCook. He was wild and suffering from that great handicap of all knuckleballers—catchers who cannot cope with the magic of flutters. One time, for instance, when he was up briefly with the Braves in '66, he threw a third strike past Rusty Staub of the Astros. Catcher Gene Oliver missed that pitch and Staub made it to first. Concerned that Oliver would miss more strikes, the manager took Nickro out of the game and when the mobile strikeout victim came around to score the winning run, Phil absorbed the loss.

He could not even stick with the Braves until 1967 when Atlanta procured Uecker to catch him. Now running the Braves' speakers program, Uecker had gained experience handling knuckleballers Barney Schultz and Bob Tefenauer. With Uecker, Nickro still managed only an 11-9 record as a starter-reliever, but he won the league title with a 1.87 ERA. "In those days," says Uecker, "Phil had less control. He'd turn his knuckler loose, and then it was strictly up to the catcher. It was one on one, me against the ball. Sometimes I'd know before he let go of it that it was going to get by me. I'd just start running and play it off the wall. At least I got to know a lot of the folks in the box seats. I also split a finger, and once while I was warming Phil up with no mask on he hit me in the head. It gave me a lot of material for my speeches."

Charley Lau, who had the misfortune to catch both Wilhelm and Eddie Fisher during his career, is justly remembered for the dictum he laid down during his brief career with the Braves. "There are two methods of catching the knuckleball," he said one day in the bullpen. "And neither one of them works." But it was Uecker who had the last word

on the subject. "The best way to catch Nickro's knuckler," he said along toward August, "is to follow it until it stops rolling and then pick it up."

Uecker retired after '67, and Joe Torre tried to take Nickro on again. He was an All-Star catcher and he did become better at hemming in knucklers, but today, in his less hazardous capacity as first baseman of the Cardinals, he recalls that "I didn't try to catch Nickro's knuckleball. I just defended against it. His ball explodes." In one game last year Nickro's first two pitches hit Torre on the elbow and the chest, respectively.

Having trouble throwing the knuckler for strikes, Nickro would get behind the hitters. When he tried to take something off of it and guide it over, it would flatten out and batters would pounce on it. Nickro's ERA was 2.59 and he won 14 games, but he lost 12 and failed, as did the Braves in general, to live up to expectations.

Perhaps Nickro's greatest achievement last year was to lead the league in sacrifices, only the second pitcher ever to win that distinction. He also honed his pick-off move to the point where it is one of the best in the game, a vital adjunct to his pitching style since any knuckler is always vulnerable to stolen bases.

Curt Flood of the Cardinals swears that Nickro can throw his odd pitch anywhere he wants to, but, in fact, he just tries to get it over the plate, and nobody else—hitters, catchers, or umpires—seems to have the faintest idea where it is going. Nickro estimates that more than half the swinging strikes he gets are on knucklers that end up as bad pitches. On the other hand, many a knuckler that ends up over the plate is ruled a ball by an umpire who later admits that he called it too soon, before it broke the last time.

Having Didier feeling for the ball once it gets past the plate has been a special help. The young catcher had only two partial seasons in the low minors before this year, but because of his defensive promise the Braves put him to the acid test of handling Nickro, and he has come through splendidly. "He's not afraid to call for the knuckleball on a 3-and-2 pitch with a man on third," says Nickro, "and he's got me believing he can catch it." Which is not to say that he always does. A third strike Didier missed against the Mets in May,

—ROBERT



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when Nickro had a no-hitter going in the seventh, started the sudden rally that turned the game into a 9-3 Met victory. And Nickro beat the Reds 9-4 this June despite four wild pitches—one short of the record—and a passed ball. Asked what the difference is between a passed ball and a wild pitch on a Nickro knuckler, Didier shakes his head. "The only thing I can figure," he says, "is that if it's a strike, it's a passed ball."

At any rate, Nickro and Didier have begun making public appearances as an entry. Braves Vice-President Paul Richards, the most prominent nonpitching figure in the bizarre history of the knuckleball, says, "I don't believe anybody has ever done a better job with the knuckler than Didier, and that's with all due respect to Rick Ferrell." Ferrell had to catch four starting knuckleballers: Dutch Leonard, Roger Wolff, Johnny Niggeling and Mickey Haeffner, for the Senators and Browns in the '30s and '40s.

Richards' involvement with the knuckler dates back to the mid-30s, when he was the catcher for the Atlanta Crackers in the Southern Association. Dutch Leonard had had one big year with the Dodgers but was back in the minors, largely because the Brooklyn catchers couldn't hold his knuckler. Richards took him in hand and by 1938 Leonard was in the big time again. Maturing late and lasting long, as most knuckleballers do, Leonard won 20 games for the Senators in 1939 at the age of 30 and went on to earn 191 big-league victories in all through 1953. (Leonard's 20-win year was matched in 1948 by Gene Bearden of the Indians, who lost his effectiveness immediately thereafter as soon as the hitters learned to wait him out. Wilhelm threw a no-hitter once, but he has been a reliever most of the time and has never won more than 15 games in a season. Kirby Higbe won 22 for the Dodgers in 1941, but that was six years before he came up with his knuckler. So Nickro only needs six more wins to pass Leonard and Bearden for the best one-season knuckleball performance.)

In 1958, 20 years after he salvaged Leonard, Richards' path crossed Wilhelm's. Richards was managing the Orioles. Wilhelm, who taught himself the knuckler as a teen-ager in emulation of old Dutch, had starred in relief for the

RICHARDS, with Wes Westrum catching, but in 1937 he had gone to the Indians on waivers and in '38 he was watching his knuckler skip away from catchers too often. When the Indians put him on waivers, Wilhelm's career appeared to be at an end, but Richards picked him up and set about finding a way to harness the knuckler. Shortly thereafter Richards got the brainstorm of simply making a larger mitt. The rulemakers subsequently cut Richards' oversized mitt down four inches to a perimeter of 38 inches—just about all pocket—and it is now *de rigueur* for any team that has a knuckleballer.

When Richards came to the Braves he was annoyed to learn that the team was letting a knuckleballer languish in the minors, especially since the Braves could hardly be choosy about pitchers. Since the Braves came to Atlanta in 1966 they have had only one man win as many as 16 games—Pat Jarvis, a pitcher of true grit, tough luck and limited gifts who is


currently maintaining an ERA of 3.00.

So far this year, Niekro has accounted for 16 of the Braves' 25 complete games. In his 21 starts he has only once failed to last to at least the seventh inning, and in four relief appearances he has picked up two wins and a save. He has compiled the team's only ERA below 1.00—2.40, sixth best in the league—and struck out 114 men while walking only 29. During the Braves' last road trip the whole pitching staff appeared to crumple except Niekro. He started every four days instead of every five—the Braves' usual rotation—and remained strong. In fact, he liked it better that way. "I think I could go with two days rest," he says. "I never feel particularly tired in the last innings. Never had a sore arm."

There are those who will tell you that he has never broken a sweat. Only once has he had to change into a dry uniform, and even in the most tense situations he never seems to be fazed. In-


deed, he ~~used to~~ appear almost motionless. In high school he went to sleep standing up in the midst of football practice. "You have to give him the sign real quick," says Loecker, "or he'll go to sleep on the mound. In a plane he'll doze off before he can get his seat belt fastened. Somebody else has to do it for him."

Phil is not letting the world pass him by, however. With brother Joe and four others he has formed Niekro Enterprises, Inc. He has a share in a chain of Italian restaurants and has just opened The Knuckler, a bar in Atlanta, where, Loecker predicts, "you won't be able to grab a beer—it'll slide right by you." Phil is making about \$35,000 with the Braves now and should command a great deal more next year. His wife, Nancy, presented him with their second son, John Joseph, last Sunday. Meanwhile, the fingers of Philip Bruce, 17 months, are gradually getting longer. He had better hope that Didier gets married pretty soon and has a quick-handed boy. **END**



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# DEATH BY INCHES

A lot of little things added up to  
total disaster for the  
Packers: a memoir from No. 64, a  
member of the old guard

by JERRY KRAMER

I watched Gene Hackerson come out on the field, watched him test his cleats against the turf, watched him move his legs up and down and rub his hands together, and all the time, from a vantage point atop the roof of Cleveland Stadium, I knew exactly what he was feeling, exactly what he was thinking. I had a horrible empty feeling. I felt lonely. I felt lost. For the first time in 11 years I was attending a professional football game in which the Green Bay Packers were not playing.

It was Dec. 29, 1968, the Cleveland Browns, with Hackerson at right guard, were meeting the Baltimore Colts for the NFL championship, and I was in an open shed on the roof of the stadium, getting whipped by the wind off Lake Erie, working as a commentator for WLUC-TV, Green Bay.

The game began, and I watched Hackerson working against Billy Ray Smith of the Colts, experiencing as much trouble with Smith as I often had. I watched Dan Sullivan, the right guard of the Colts, working against Walter Johnson, the bruising defensive tackle of the Browns who had always impressed me with his strength, handling Johnson well, helping to open big holes for Tom Matte to crash through. I studied the line play, and in my mind I pulled, I trapped, I pass-blocked and I suffered.

It was so frustrating, perched on the roof, a spectator after winning three straight NFL championships and five



ILLUSTRATION BY BERNARD FORD

in seven seasons. Not until that afternoon did I fully realize how much we had surrendered during the 1968 football season. I wished right then that every member of the Packers could have sat up there with me and felt what I felt, and if, by some miracle, we all could have watched the 1968 title game before that season began, I'm positive the season would have been different.

For the Green Bay Packers the 1968 NFL season was a

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disaster. From 1965 through 1967 we lost a total of only nine games; we won, including playoff contests, 38. In 1968 we lost seven games and won only six. Everybody, it seemed, had his own explanation for what went wrong. Some people said flatly that the sole difference was the absence of Vince Lombardi, who, after nine years as coach and general manager, had decided to devote himself to the general manager's job. Some people insisted that the

Packers had simply gotten a little too old to do the job.

I don't think a simple explanation works. I've always heard that football is a game of inches, and in 1968 the Green Bay Packers lost a lot of inches: our place-kicking was far off its 1967 form—minus one inch there, we were hit heavily by injuries, particularly in the defensive line—minus a second inch; we missed Lombardi's inspirational genius—minus a third inch; we missed Lombardi's tac-

*continued*

## Death by Inches continued

tical offensive brains—minus a fourth inch, we didn't seem to get our share of the breaks in officials' calls and the bounce of the ball—minus a fifth inch. We lost too many inches. And there were fractions of inches lost within the inches.

At the start of the season, however, I never suspected we were losing for such a fall. I knew I was getting older—I knew that many of us were getting older—but I still felt certain that we were strong enough to dominate the Central Division. It didn't look like a tough division. Detroit, Chicago and Minnesota all had major weaknesses, not one of them had a particularly gifted quarterback.

The retirement of Coach Lombardi—and the elevation of Phil Bengtson, our defensive coach for nine years under Lombardi, to the head coaching job—didn't seem an insurmountable blow. Nobody thought Phil would be another Lombardi—he's a totally different sort of man, a gentler man, a calmer man—but we all knew that Phil was dedicated to perfection every bit as much as Lombardi was. Our defensive team has always been a reflection of Phil's brilliance, a magnificently coordinated, magnificently trained unit. And the defensive players loved Phil, to a man, they wanted to win for him. I know I felt a great deal of affection for Phil, even though I had never played directly under him, and once, early in the season, I mentioned to Jim Weatherwax, a defensive tackle, "We've got to win this game. We've got to have a good season for Phil."

"Yeah, we want to win for Phil," Wax said. "And we also want to win to show everybody that it wasn't just Lombardi these past few years, that it wasn't all him, that we can have a good season without him."

I suppose several of the guys had that feeling, a resentment that Lombardi had gotten too much credit for their efforts. I never felt that way myself, I honestly felt that Vince was the difference between a good team and a great team. In professional football the teams are just about equal physically, all of them have players with strength and size and speed. The big difference between winning and losing, I think, is motivation, and nobody'll ever deny that Vince motivated us. He made us hate him much of the time, but even this hatred, this half-serious suspicion that he treated us all like dogs, served to unify us. We had a single target for all our frustrations, and maybe that's one of the fractions we lost in 1968.

Our training camp got started a few days late because of the players' strike. While we were on strike, Jim Weatherwax and Bart Starr led us in workouts at a local high school field for a few days. Looking back, I'm afraid that they worked us harder than the coaches did.

I know that Dave Hamner, the defensive line coach, suggested to Coach Bengtson that he make the first three days of training camp the most punishing we had ever gone through, that he whip us and whip us and whip us so that we'd know it wasn't going to be easy just because



Vince was gone. But apparently Phil decided that he wasn't Lombardi and he wasn't going to follow Lombardi's path. Our training camp looked like a Lombardi camp—the same schedule, the same drills, the same plays—but it was just a little looser, a little more lax. We kept telling each other that we were working just as hard as we did under Lombardi, but I don't think any of us really believed it. The obvious difference was the grass drills, the murderous up-down exercises. Under Lombardi they were the most excruciating torture, and we did 60 or 70 of them at a time till we were all ready to die. But in training camp in 1968 we did maybe 15 or 16 at a time.

Some of the guys definitely took advantage of Phil. He gave us water breaks and Gatorade breaks, things we'd never had before, and guys would sneak over in the shade sometimes and lie on the ground. Nobody ever took a breather when Vince was around. All through training camp and the exhibition season we had more infractions of rules than usual. Bob Hyland, the second-year center, missed a bus before a game once, and he and a bunch of other guys missed a curfew another time, and one of the

rookies lost his black playbook. I can't remember anybody ever losing a playbook before.

We lost two of six exhibition games, but that didn't bother us very much. We'd lost a couple of exhibition games in 1966, and that may have been the best season we ever had, 14 victories and two defeats, one by one point and the other by three. We opened the season against the Philadelphia Eagles, and we beat them in a sloppy game 30-13. I wasn't too upset. We'd always been sloppy against weak teams, and we didn't realize then how bad the Eagles actually were. I was pretty happy with my own showing. I kicked three extra points and three out of three field-goal attempts. After the first week of the season I was one of the leading scorers in the NFL.

Then we played Minnesota, and the Vikings beat us 26-13. I didn't even attempt a field goal, but I missed an extra point. It wasn't blocked, I just plain missed it. The next week Detroit beat us 23-17. I kicked one field goal that gave us a 10-0 lead in the first quarter, then missed two in a row. I started to worry a little, about myself and about our team.

I wasn't really scared. I still figured we'd finish first in our division. What worried me was a lack of emotion. Phil Bengtson is not an excitable man, and he didn't get us excited. He's not a frightening man, and we weren't in fear of him. Lombardi was sticking to his word; he was staying away from the practice field, letting Phil run the team. Yet I remember after the Minnesota game Vince came into the locker room, roamed around and grumbled, "Too damn many blue shirts in here. Too many sideburns."

I suppose Vince's comment sounds irrelevant, but I know what he meant. Take me, for instance. I was wearing a royal-blue shirt, and I had a set of sideburns. I wore the blue shirt and the sideburns because, between my weekly television show and my weekly book-signing sessions, I cared a lot about my clothes and my physical appearance. Vince made his remark because he sensed that too many of us were caring about things other than just plain winning football games. He was right, of course. We all had something going on the side; it seemed like half of us had radio or television shows. I had my weekly TV show, Willie Davis had his show, Lionel Aldridge had his, Henry Jordan had his. We all had a million interests outside football.

Vince had spotted Willie Davis in sideburns before training camp opened, and he had persuaded Willie to shave them off. He never did get me to shave mine. Whenever Lombardi would bring up the subject with me directly, I'd slip off the hook by kidding him. "You ought to grow some yourself, coach," I'd tell him. "You'd look great in sideburns. You'd look like a movie star." Vince'd grumble and move away, and I stuck to my sideburns.

Before our fourth game, in Atlanta, I ate dinner with Willie Davis and Ray Nitschke. We'd been through all

the championships together, and we got to talking about the lack of emotion on the team. "Look," I said, "we've got to motivate ourselves. We're not going to get motivation from any other source. We've got to be strong enough to do it ourselves."

Willie nodded and Ray nodded and I nodded, but we were all just whistling in the dark. Sure, we meant well, but we'd forgotten how to motivate ourselves. We'd gotten lazy under Lombardi; he'd pushed us so hard we never had to push ourselves. Willie tried; Ray tried. Willie always had been a holler guy, and Ray became one. He kept slapping guys on the back, shouting encouragement, prodding them, pushing them, but somehow it didn't work. It wasn't convincing. Some spark was lacking.

We won the Atlanta game 38-7. The score made it look easy, but with 10 seconds to play in the first half the score was still 7-7. I missed three field-goal attempts in the first half, one of them from the 20-yard line. Instead of stepping in a straight line, I was stepping left to right a little bit. I kicked every ball far enough, but every ball sailed about two feet outside the right goalpost. I lost the field-goal kicking job that day.

I broke my right thumb in the first half of the Atlanta game and had to wear a cast on it the rest of the year. Still I played a full game the following week against Los Angeles; I was only one of many walking wounded. I don't know how Henry Jordan managed to keep playing week after week. He was in agony from the start of the season to the end. His back was so bad it was pathetic, absolutely pathetic, to watch him hit the blocking sled. He didn't hit it hard enough to break an egg; he couldn't. Henry went to the chiropractor every day, and he wore Army boots to practice, anything to try to straighten his back. Henry was at one tackle, and Ron Kostelnik, at the other tackle, was playing with torn ligaments. Jim Weatherwax, our only experienced reserve tackle, was out the whole season with a bad knee, and Bob Brown, who could have moved over from defensive end, broke first an arm and then a leg, so Henry and Kos had to stay in there no matter what. Jim Grabowski, our fullback, had fluid on his knee and had to have it drained almost every week—he'd go in a private room off the locker room so nobody would hear him holler—and still he never got one full game of rest. Bart Starr got off to a fantastic start; in the first four games he completed almost 65% of his passes, and then he got rucked up against Atlanta. Zeke Bratkowski took over for the next couple of games, and although Zeke did his usual excellent backup job, it wasn't the same as having Bart. The Rams beat us by two points on a field goal with less than a minute to go—we played a hell of a game against them—and the following week the Lions tied us. Six games into the season we had a record of 2-3-1, and we were coming up against the Dallas Cowboys, by then the only undefeated team left in professional football.

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## Death by Inches *continued*

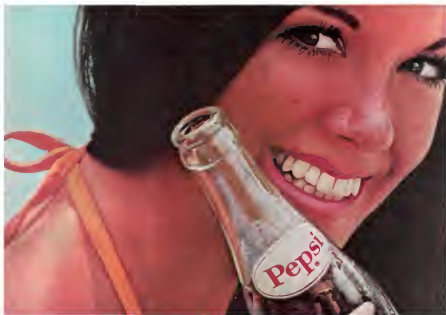
We had to win the Dallas game. We played in Dallas on Monday night and, going into the game, we knew that if we won we'd be tied with Detroit for first place in the Central Division and that if we lost we'd stay in last place. Chicago and Minnesota both had 3-4 records. We met the challenge. We played the kind of football we were capable of playing. I didn't contribute much. I'd had my knee torn up in Detroit; I stretched some ligaments so badly it looked like I was going to need an operation that same night and that I was going to retire from football right then. But Jim Nellen, our orthopedic man, examined me back in Green Bay and decided to wait a couple of days, and the knee started to heal. At least I could limp, even though I couldn't think about place-kicking. I didn't practice all week, and I didn't expect to play, but when one of our guys got shaken up in the third quarter, I didn't wait to be asked how I felt. I ran out on the field. I stayed out there for two plays—didn't do anything but survive—till the coaches pulled me off. Bart returned to action, played a beautiful game, threw four touchdown passes and we won 28-17.

Despite my injuries, I felt wonderful. We had shown the mark of champions. We had won the game we had to

win. Now we were rolling. There wasn't any doubt in my mind. We were going to eat up the opposition the rest of the season. Our next two games were against Chicago and Minnesota, and we knew that if we won those two we'd knock both of them out of contention. Since Detroit figured to (and did) lose its two games against Los Angeles and Baltimore those two weeks we'd run away from our rivals. We'd practically have the division championship wrapped up.

Our calculations were perfect—if we'd won those two games, we'd have been champions of the Central Division—but our playing wasn't. We lost both games. First the Bears beat us by three points on a 43-yard free-kick field goal with 26 seconds to play. Then the Vikings beat us by four points when we handed them the ball three times on fumbles. Suddenly, instead of being far in front of our division, we were back in last place.

I don't know if we would have won if Lombardi had still been coaching. I tend to think that Vince, too, would have had a hard time making us into champions in 1968. But I really missed him for those Chicago and Minnesota games. He was the genius of the locker-room speech; he always knew exactly how to treat us. In 1967, for instance, before



the Bear game that clinched the division title, he didn't say anything but a silly little joke to break the tension. A few weeks later, before the game for the Western Conference title, he quoted passionately from one of St. Paul's Epistles and really fired us up. He played us like a virtuoso.

Phil Bengtson, on the other hand, was very calm, very matter of fact. Before a game in 1968 we'd have our usual meeting of the players alone, without the coaches, and maybe Bob Skoronski, the offensive captain, who, like me, has retired, or Willie Davis, the defensive captain, would make an emotional little speech and get us excited. Then Phil would come into the meeting, and he'd say something like, "Well, we've got to score more points." A simple, straightforward statement. Phil never got mad at the team, as a whole, or at an individual. It just wasn't his nature. Early in the year, I heard, Lombardi suggested to Phil that somebody had to be a son of a bitch and that if Phil wasn't going to be one of his assistant coaches should be. But nobody picked up the responsibility to be mean. In the past, Lombardi had had enough meanness for everybody.

Phil, of course, was kept busy getting his defense ready for each game—despite all the injuries, we still had one of the best defenses in the league—but he had to turn the offense

over to his assistants. Vince had always done the same thing—giving Phil full responsibility for the defense—but Phil didn't have assistants as experienced and gifted as he had been. Ray Wietecha and Bob Schnelker tried hard, damn hard, but they were both young fellows and they couldn't possibly have the knowledge that Lombardi had accumulated over a quarter of a century.

It wasn't only the coaches who were searching. The players were, too. There was a new atmosphere, a strange atmosphere. I used to think a lot and talk a lot about what I called the love on our team, the feeling that each Packer had for all his teammates, and sometimes I wondered whether this spirit produced victory or whether victory produced this spirit. I couldn't tell for sure in the past, but the events of 1968 seemed to reinforce the second theory. We had more friction among the guys than I'd ever noticed before. And this comes back, at least partly, to what I mentioned about losing Lombardi as the target for all our frustrations. We used to have one man we could take out all our animosity on, all our hatred, all our bitterness. But in 1968 we were just bitching at everybody.

There had always been a little friendly rivalry between

*continued*

# Taste that beats the others cold!

## Death by Inches *continued*

the offense and the defense, but in 1968 the comments were more barbed. "Can't win 'em if you don't score," Lee Roy Caffey, the linebacker, would say now and then, and his grumbling words had a sharp edge. There was even friction within the defense, and I don't think that ever happened before. Willie Davis, I know, was furious with Tommy Brown, our strong-side safety, who will play for Lombardi at Washington this year as a result of Vince's first trade. Willie would come steaming out of a game after somebody had scored against us on a long pass, and he'd growl, "Get that man out of there. What the hell are you waitin' for? That man's hurtin' us. He's hurtin' us. Get him out of there." Willie would never mention any name, but everybody knew who he meant, because Tommy would have just got beat by a receiver.

Tommy did get beat a lot, but it wasn't all his fault. He played about the same as he always had, but in the past, although he was a little weak on long coverage, he wasn't too vulnerable. He was protected by our defensive line, which had always put on a great rush, the best weapon against a long pass; Tommy didn't have to worry much about the bomb. But in 1968, with our tackles crippled—they all probably should have been in hospital beds instead of on a football field—our opponents had the time they needed to throw long on us, and Tommy got beat several times.

There was even some resentment against Bart Starr among the offensive linemen. All of us had always suspected that Bart had a tendency to hold the ball too long before he threw. There were times I'd block my man and block my man and finally release him, feeling I'd given Bart enough time to pass, and then I'd turn around and Bart would still have the ball. My man would get to him, and I'd look bad and I'd get angry with Bart, naturally, instead of with myself. But we all knew why Bart held the ball—he hated to throw when there was even the slightest chance of an interception—and as long as we were winning, we realized that his reasoning was sound. Hell, we knew that Bart was our bread and butter. I remember, I used to kid around once in a while and refer to Bart as The Statue of Liberty, because he stood still so long, but it was just good-natured kidding, nothing vicious about it at all. But then, in 1968, the kidding by some of the guys lost its good nature. Nobody said anything to Bart directly, of course, but there was more than the usual groaning about his habit of holding the ball. It was ridiculous—Bart had led us to too many championships for anyone to take the groans seriously—but the bloom was off the Packer love in 1968, and a lot of stupid things got said when an affair is ending.

We all recognized that our spirit was sagging, and around the time of the Chicago and Minnesota games Bart tried to bring us all together at a team party-meeting. Bart offered to have it at his home, but we decided that would be too much work for his wife, so we scheduled the party at

the Century Bowling Alley in West De Pere, a few miles outside Green Bay.

The purpose of the gathering at the Century was to recapture our feelings for each other, our sense of togetherness, but I guess you can't recapture a feeling like that. You've just got to have it. The party was also supposed to remind us of the hours and hours of training camp, of all the murderous work we'd always put in getting ready for the season, of how much we'd lose if we didn't straighten out and win our division championship. With such a forced, contrived atmosphere of camaraderie, the party naturally got off to a slow start. Some guys were trying to talk up our chances, pep each other up, and a couple of guys were shooting pool. Francis Peay, the big offensive tackle we'd gotten from the New York Giants before the season, was sitting by the pool table, sipping a Coke. Francis is a very sensitive guy—very intelligent, very serious, doesn't drink, doesn't chase women, very dedicated. I respect him a great deal. While he was watching the pool game, Marvin Fleming, our veteran tight end who's a little flaky sometimes, began fooling around, teasing Francis some way or another. Francis had no love for Marvin anyway, and finally he just blew up, took his Coke and threw it in Marvin's face. "Get away from me," Francis said. "Stay away from me. Don't bug me. Get away from me."

The whole party went poof. Francis apologized to Marvin for losing his temper, then came over to me and said, "I shouldn't have done that. I know I shouldn't have. That man just bugs me." Peay felt miserable, casting extra gloom over the party, and so did just about everyone else. The party broke up a little later.

I didn't have any feuds with anybody during the 1968 season, but outside of my new roommate, Willie Davis, I wasn't as close to the guys as I had been in previous years. I used to spend all my time on the road trips playing poker with the guys, but in 1968 I was spending my time at bookstores autographing copies of *Instant Replay*. When I wasn't autographing I was on radio and TV shows, hustling my book.

Whether my outside interests affected my play or not, I know I didn't have a particularly good season. All year I was having trouble with my trap blocking; I was especially atrocious on the long trap block. Ray Wietecha, the line coach, kept telling me I wasn't executing the move properly, but I lied to myself and said, "What the hell, it's not that important. I know how to do it. When the time comes, if we need it, it'll be there."

I was watching game movies one morning with Gale Gillingham, the young left guard, and I saw myself moving kind of slow and, still trying to con myself, I turned to Gilly and said, "You know, I've cut down my stride a little this year."

"Yeah," said Gilly, "and you've lost a little speed, too, haven't you?" Gilly wasn't trying to be malicious. He was simply stating a fact. It was shortly after I'd been hurt in

the Lion game. But even when I'd injured my knee against Detroit, I suppose part of the reason was that I wasn't moving as fast as I used to. On a sweep to the right, I pulled and headed out there, and Jim Grabowski, who was carrying the ball, came charging up behind me. I should have been out of his way, but when he got hit he fell forward right on my knee. The pain was miserable. It happened just a few yards from the sidelines, and I actually crawled off the field. I thought my career was finished.

For the rest of the season I never felt right physically. I never could get down in my stance properly because of the cast on my right hand. I had a steel splint right across the end of the thumb, and there was no way I could push off powerfully, no way I could get enough leverage. It was like wearing a boxing glove and playing football. My knee never stopped aching, yet, except for one or two games, I did all our kicking off. I really shouldn't have. Each time I kicked, the knee hurt something fierce. And a few weeks after the Detroit game I pinched some nerves in my shoulder, and from then on, whenever I got hit up around the shoulder or the neck, my fingers would go numb. My arm would burn and sting, and I'd have to run off the field and get the trainer to rub my arm for a minute or two to get the feeling back.

I wasn't the only one starting to feel my age. We all tried to kid our way around the age problem. Forrest Gregg and I were talking one day early in the season, and I said, "Forrest, how do you ever know when you're too old to play?"

"You're the last one to find out," Forrest said. "Tell you what. When I'm too old you tell me, and when I think you're too old I'll tell you. I'll leave a note in your locker. You do the same for me." All through the season we'd come in from practice each day and look for the note in our lockers. Forrest and I had a lot of giggles, but most of the laughter was nervous.

So many of our problems were subjective and vague—growing old, losing spirit, lacking motivation—but we had two very specific problems. One, of course, was our kicking game. After I hurt my thumb and then my knee, we went to Chuck Mercern as the kicker. Chuck was strictly a stopgap measure. He tried two field goals and made one of them, from only 21 yards out, in the Atlanta game. Then we turned to a kid we'd been carrying on the taxi squad, Errol Mann. The first field goal Mann tried, against Dallas, he just barely missed. The second one, against Chicago, missed by a little more. On the third one, also against the Bears, he took a divot. That finished Mann. Mercern took over in the middle of the Bear game and again made one out of two—another short kick, from 19 yards. The next week we started using Mike Mercer, a free agent who hadn't done any kicking for a few months. Mercer missed three of his first five attempts, then settled down and made five in a row. Still, by the end of the season we had made only 13 of 29 field-goal attempts, in



1967 Donny Chandler had made 19 of 29. Six extra field goals in exactly the right places could have changed our 1968 record from 6-7-1 to 10-4, and . . .

A second specific problem was the failure of Travis Williams, our rookie sensation of 1967, to do anything even remotely exciting in 1968. Travis averaged 41.1 yards a kickoff return in 1967 and 21.4 yards in 1968. He scored six touchdowns in 1967 and none in 1968. He averaged 5.4 yards a carry in 1967 and 1.9 yards in 1968. His longest run of the 1968 season was nine yards, for the full year he gained 63 yards rushing, 25 yards less than he had gained in the 1967 Western Conference championship game alone.

As far as I'm concerned, Travis ought to be a superstar. He's got the speed, the strength, the ability to follow his blockers, everything. He showed up at camp before the 1968 season 100 pounds underweight, still recuperating from a bad bronchitis condition, and he never really did get well. He never even came close to breaking away once all season. When he was running well there was never a hole. When there was a hole he wasn't running well. He got depressed and started pressing. Instead of plugging away for four, five, six yards each carry I think he began looking to go all the way every time, and he couldn't find an opening. His locker was next to mine. He's a good kid, a nice boy, and I felt sorry for him all year.

After losing to Chicago and Minnesota, we did perk up a bit. We beat New Orleans and Washington—two weak clubs—without much difficulty, and we brought our record up to 5-0. The way things were going in the Central Division, we were suddenly back in the race. Chicago lost twice those weeks to fall back to 5-6, and Minnesota

*continued*

## Death by Inches *continued*



split its two games to hold first place at 6-5. Detroit, at 3-6-2, was almost mathematically eliminated.

We came to the 12th game of the season miraculously alive, facing another must game, this one against the 49ers. By the time we took the field in San Francisco we knew that Minnesota was losing to Los Angeles. We knew that if we beat the 49ers we would be in first place in the Central Division. We had to win.

Before the game, for the first time all year, Lombardi came in the locker room and spoke to the team. He talked about how much we had to gain, how much we had to lose. He talked about the past glories of the Packers. He got emotional, of course. Vince can't say hello without getting emotional. We were up, way up, and I'm sure we'd have been up even if Vince hadn't talked to us. You didn't have to be an intellectual to realize how important this game was. I had my confidence back. I knew we were going to win.

The first time we got the ball we marched 80 yards for a touchdown. A little later Bart got racked up on a blitz. Zeke Bratkowski, who has also retired, took over for him, and in the second quarter Mike Mercer kicked a 44-yard field goal to put us ahead 10-0. Five seconds before the end of the half San Francisco cut our lead to 10-7.

In the third quarter we moved for another touchdown. Mercer kicked another 44-yard field goal and we held a 20-7 lead entering the final period. I was absolutely positive we'd win. We had everything going. Minnesota had already lost to Los Angeles.

But the fourth quarter was a disaster, our worst collapse in all my years at Green Bay. The start of our downfall was an injury to Bratkowski. He got blitzed and battered, his back all messed up, and he had to leave the game. I'd seen Bart leave the field under his own power in the first quarter, and I was sure that now I'd see him come running back on the field. I looked at the bench, and I saw Bart standing still, not making the slightest move to take off his warmup jacket. I suppose he'd discussed the situation with our coaches, and they'd decided he wasn't fit to play, but my heart just about broke. I wanted Bart to come running out so badly.

Instead, young Billy Stevens, a rookie from the University of Texas at El Paso, came on the field and all of a sudden I knew we were finished. We were playing into a stiff wind, and we were tiring, and we had at quarterback a boy who hadn't appeared in a single game all year, a boy who hadn't been able to keep his poise even during practice sessions. A number of times in workouts, without any pressure on him, he'd called the wrong play; he'd called formations we weren't even using that particular week. Hell, he was only a kid, and he was trying to play the most demanding, the most complicated position in professional football. It takes a long time to learn to play quarterback in the NFL.

Billy Stevens came to the huddle, and I said, "Oh,



God," and right away he confirmed my worst fears. He called a play I'd never heard before. It must have been a play from back in his college days. He tried to pass a couple of times, and the 49ers hit him late and turned him on his head and stomped him into the ground and just about killed him. We couldn't move the ball at all, and each time Donny Anderson had to punt into the wind, and each time the wind pushed the ball back into our territory, and the 49ers scored 20 points in the fourth quarter and beat us 27-20.

Mathematically, we were still alive, barely alive. With two games to go, Minnesota and Chicago were both 6-6, and we were 5-6-1. We all had tough games coming up. We were playing Baltimore, the Bears were playing Los Angeles and the Vikings were playing San Francisco. Baltimore had lost only one of its 12 games, but if we could beat them—we were playing them on Saturday in Green Bay—we'd still have a chance to capture our division.

We didn't quit. We worked our butts off getting ready for the Colts. In recent years we'd always been able to beat them when we had to. In the locker room before the game Bob Skoronski gave one of the most moving talks I'd ever heard from a teammate. His voice broke on every sentence, almost on every word. The words alone don't do justice to his feelings, but I recorded his talk.

"Fellas, I'm deeply emotional. I really can't say much. These are the things that come to my mind today. We've dedicated a lot of games over the years to coaches and people. Today, fellas, there's a lot of guys who built the Packers to what they are today who might be playing their last [home] game. I'm asking every guy here to go out and play their goddam level best for the guys who had a lot to do with the Green Bay Packers. Boys, we're wounded, but we're not dead. If you're gonna lay down and die out there you're going to do something I'm not going to do. I may get beat, but, goddam, it won't be because I want to. Now let's go out there and keep our heads up and do something for the guys who've had a hell of a lot to do with making the Packers, the green-and-gold, what they are. A lot of guys have given a hell of a lot. Let's go out there and take it to somebody that's tried to take it away from us many, many times. We've had a hell of a lot of memories and a lot of fun, so let's go out there and take it to them. I apologize for my emotion, but that's the way I feel."

I think everybody got a little choked up by Bob's speech, and then the coaches came into the meeting, and Phil told us to go out and block and tackle and if we blocked and tackled we could win the game. Phil is just not an overly emotional man. He's a beautiful man, fair, sensitive, intelligent, and he is a brilliant football man, but he is not an emotional man.

We ran out on the field and went through the most miserably frustrating day. We'd open up a hole, and our man would bust through and pick up 10 or 12 yards and then

fumble, and they'd recover the ball. We fumbled five times, and the Colts recovered four of them. It sort of summed up the whole season, every bounce went against us, every break. Donny Anderson had a punt that went three or four yards, something like that. We had only a couple of penalties against us, but they came at exactly the wrong time.

Baltimore beat us 16-3, and they had the ball with less than a minute to play, running out the clock, and I was standing on the sidelines with the rest of the offensive team, and I knew it was all over and I felt very sad, sorry for the team and sorry for myself. And then everyone in Lambeau Stadium, 50,861 people, got up on their feet and began cheering for the Green Bay Packers—one last, long, resounding cheer, a cheer for days past. I felt chills up and down my spine. I felt grateful to the fans and grateful for the opportunity I'd had to play for them. I felt good and bad at the same time, depressed by defeat and yet buoyed by the reaction of our Green Bay fans.

The next day Chicago beat Los Angeles and Minnesota beat San Francisco, and we were mathematically finished.

We had actually died the week before in San Francisco. It was only the funeral that was postponed.

In our final game we beat our traditional rivals, the Bears, 28-27, and had the satisfaction of knocking them out of the division championship, which the Vikings won. I hope, as many of us felt after the Bear game, that that game marked the start of a new era in Green Bay, the start of a successful Phil Bengtson era. I know that Phil and his assistants were working doubly hard in the off season to get ready for 1969. The club is completely theirs now. Phil is general manager as well as coach, Vince has left for Washington. Still, one of his themes lingers to inspire the Packers in 1969: "The greatest achievement," Lombardi always said, "is not in never failing, but in rising again after you fall."

Vince's sayings meant more to me after the 1968 season. I'd accepted them before and I'd believed them, but I hadn't really tested them. "Fatigue makes cowards of us all," he used to say. "The harder you work, the harder it is to surrender."

We proved his point last year. Our poorest scoring quarter was the fourth quarter, we averaged only four points a game in the final period. It used to be our strongest quarter, in 1967 we averaged eight points a game—twice as many—in the fourth quarter. If we had scored eight points in the final period of every game in 1968 we would have won 10 games. We lost three games in the last two minutes of play. We were tiring—becoming cowards—because we hadn't worked hard enough to prepare for the season. We had goofed off. We had cheated Phil. We had cheated ourselves.

I never want to fall again like I fell, like we fell, in 1968. It hurts too much. It still hurts.

END

# To anyone who has ever driven a car



Somebody wants to change your world.  
He's one of the new breed of social critics on the scene today.

Intelligent, well-intentioned, he wants to do a little tinkering with the economy.

Oh, he admits our free choice economy has produced a lot for us. In fact, that's his problem. He thinks maybe it's produced too much.

He thinks there are too many brands competing in the marketplace. He thinks Mrs. Smith is confused by too much free choice.

His solution? Make both free competition and free choice a little less free. Let the government restrict the number of brands on the market—brands of just about anything, presumably, from cars to cigarets to mouthwashes. And standardize their design and contents with grade labels.

You know, it's too bad somebody didn't think of that about 40 years ago. Then we'd all still be driving Model A's.

And that was a fun car.

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# THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASEBALL**—Willie McCovey of the Giants and Johnny Bench of the Reds selected the NATIONAL LEAGUE to a 9-5 win over the American League in the All-Star Game in Washington. Frank Howard and Bill Farenbach hit homers for the losers (page 17).

**BICYCLING**—EDDY MERCKX, 24, won the 56th annual Tour de France, outdistancing the 100-mile distance on 116:14.47. He was the first Belgian to win in 20 years and the first continental to win all three major classics, the general classification, the mountains prize and the green jersey—a symbol of consistency.

**BOATING**—Black-billed DIA VOLO, a Columbia 30 skipper captured by Peter Stern of Chicago, won the Class A and overall titles in the Port Moresby-Mackinac Island yacht race, on a corrected time of 48:29:17, as WINDIGO, a Grand Rapids entry, crossed the finish line first among the 200 starters. Don Snyder's FLYING JENNY of Port Huron and Bill Gougar's GRETCH II of Cape Fear won the Class B and C titles in the often-behacked 215-mile race.

Frenchman JEAN-MARIE GUILLOU captured the 3.5-meter world sailing championships when he took first place in the seventh race in Sandhamn, Sweden. Charles Sherrington of Providence, who led at points after the sixth race, dropped out before the final event and lost his bid for the honors. That H. Ransing of Greenwich, Conn., sailing his 35-foot ketch SILENTIO, was the 32nd sailor to win the Regatta after Regatta of Martha's Vineyard. He won the regatta that brought Sweeney Edwards Kennedy and his crew to the top of the list at the weekend that Mary Jo Kiepert was crowned. The Sirocco's boat, *Palace*, finished in ninth place in six class.

**HANDICAP RACING**—According to Del Casino, who placed ONLY IN ALL 157-85 to first place by a head over Natchez in the \$25,000 Margaret Lloyds Memorial Pace at Raccoon Trackway, "the finish race was in a twist," as Huckleberry, a 10-1 underdog and finally Natchez's third made unsuccessful attempts to pass the season's best pacer. In his 11th straight race, which featured his career earnings to \$759,048, Overhill was clocked over the mile in 1:41.19.

**HOBBY RACING**—In the 3157 280 Sorcery at Monticello, the season's first \$100,000 race for 2-year-old fillies, 17 skittish entries pulled their way through the six-furlong race, as Justice Vespene, one of the loose packers, flung in by helicopter from New York, gained BOX THE COMPASS (34-20) to a one-length victory over Royal Crisis. Two foul claims were disallowed.

In the \$35,000 Tidal Handicap at Aqueduct, gelding FORTY HARRY (37-20), with Max Baer up, overtook the pacehorse, Burnside, on the outside and won the mile-and-a-half race by half a length, with Lenny Hanes third in a field of eight. It was Fort Harry's fourth victory in eight races and boosted his season's earnings to \$177,593.

Christina Stubbs's Pit Beauty, who crossed the finish of the \$39,910 Dequeville Stakes at Delaware Park, 1/4 lengths in front of King Ranch's GALLANT BLOOM (31-40), was put down to second place when the foul claim lodged byockey Johnny Hot on the runner-up was upheld. Shaver, upheld to give a chance to Gallant Bloom in the 1/4-mile running, straighted in fourth.

**PARK TOP** 54-50, owned by the Duke of Devonshire and ridden by Lester Piggott, outgait past the pack in the stretch of the \$119,000 King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot. Sweeping 1/4 lengths ahead of Cozier. The bay colt-diverger in a field of nine, in the second time to win this prestigious 1/2-mile event.

**WATER SPORTS**—DAVID PARSONS, 34, became the first NASAR driver to win three that \$100,000 to two consecutive winners when he gained his ninth Grand National circuit victory, the Volunteer 500, at Bristol, Tenn., in a Ford. In the 1/2-mile of the 210-mile race he narrowly missed posting a five-year pitstop, which shored up his bid for the prize. Bobby Allison, Buddy Baker, Richard Petty (who took over in relay driver for Parsons) and Cale Yarborough, Bobby Lane, driving a Dodge, were second, three laps back and Donnie Allison third. The 14th race and 80th anniversary of Belgium's 24-hour Indianapolis record had the 40th anniversary of the race in Pensacola, Fla., captured the top spots. In the women's car wars driver GUY CHAMBERLAIN and CLAUDE BALLOTTEA of France.

**WRESTLING**—Ron Newman of the Dallas TORNADES pinned two girls against the Atlanta Chiefs during the first half of a North American League game in Atlanta, leading his team to a 2-1 victory.

**YACHTING**—ZELKO FRANKOVICH of Yugoslavia, one-seeded British player, upset Arthur Ashe of the U.S. to take the men's singles title in the National Clay Court Championships 6-3, 6-3, 6-4 at the Wimbledon Club in Indianapolis. BILL BOWERY of Australia and CLARK GREGGINS of New York beat Australian Allan Stone and Dick Cavally 6-4, 4-6, 6-4. In the women's doubles GAIL CHANIEREAU of Australia defeated Linda Tuero of Missouri, 6-2, 6-2 for the singles, then teamed with LESLEY TURNER BOWERY against

Miss Tuero and Emily Barrer of San Antonio for the doubles title, 6-3, 6-3.

**TRACK & FIELD**—Americans monopolized the international track meet at Malmö, Sweden, as John Carlos won the 150-meter dash in 10.3 seconds and the 200 in 21.74. Bill Toomey took the 400 meters in 47.1, Carl Wood of the University of Richmond ran the 400-meter hurdles in 56.6 and Gary Reaney of Los Angeles took the 110 hurdles in 1:19. John Pennel leaped 17' 7/8" to victory in the pole vault, and the U.S. team won the 400-meter relay in 4:14.

**KAREN RALZER**, 31, of East Germany, ran the women's 100-meter hurdles in 13 seconds flat, breaking the previous record set by a second.

**BASEBALL**—MARRIED In Los Vegas ART WIDEWELL, owner of the NFL Cleveland Browns, and Actress Patricia Brink, at the home of a friend. INDUCTED Into the National Baseball Hall of Fame: STAN MUSIAL, first baseman with the St. Louis Cardinals; ROY CAMPANELLA, pitcher for the old Brooklyn Dodgers; and pitcher WATTE HOYT and STAN COVENS.

**RETURNED** The ARA HENES in Pittsburgh, their original home, from Mercedes, where they survived last year in search of a large audience and greater financial success. During the 1967-68 season at Pittsburgh they had played before an average crowd of only 3,500 on their way to the league championship and lost \$136,521. But not Wagon they doubled their losses and Queen of the Rags, who spent a three-year lease with Pittsburgh's Civic Arena, announced that this time the move is permanent.

**RESURRECTION** CASSIUS CLAY by Federal Judge Joe Ingraham to his original 1960 prize prize and \$10,000 fine he received June 20, 1967 for refusing to be inducted into the armed forces, after successfully appealing his conviction on the grounds that he legally obtained conscientious objector status in evidence at his trial led to the judgment. Clay plans to carry the appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court.

**DIED** As an apartment in Reno. KEN OVERLIN, 39, recognized as the world middleweight boxing champion by the powerful New York State Athletic Commission after he outboxed Calverdo Garcia in 1949. Less than a year later he lost the title to Billy Sarney by a decision. In 12 years as a professional (1932-44) he won 37 bouts, lost 13 and drew seven.

## CREDITS

6. Shady 6 Long 12, 13—Mark Scholten 14. Edward Meier, 14—Robert Meier 15, 16, 17, 18. Shady 6 Long 20, 21—Shady 6 Long 24. 26. Clay Petty, 39, 40—Stephen Green 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

"For the time being I've pushed the thought of retirement aside," said Henry Aaron of Atlanta (3-2). There could be no better news for the Braves since the rightfielder, who earlier said he might quit after this year, is having one of his best seasons (325 w/ 26 homers and 61 RBIs). Last week he passed Jimmy Fox and tied Mickey Mantle on the career home run list with his 535th and 536th blasts. Now Aaron can take aim at second place, presently held by Willie Mays, who has 60 more home runs and three more years than Henry. Injured players hurt Los Angeles (2-1), but helped San Francisco (2-1), as both kept chasing the Braves. The Dodgers' best all-round luffer, Wes Parker was knocked out of the lineup with an appendicitis, while sore-shouldered Jim Rar Hart won a game for the Giants. Hart appeared as a pinch hitter, let out a booming "muh" as he swung and then watched the ball sail over the fence for a decisive home run. Cincinnati (2-2) and Houston (1-1) stayed in the race as Tom Perez' 12th-inning home run won a game for the Reds, and Astros pitchers struck out 40 batters in the four games. They have 740 strikeouts for the year and could break the league record of 1,203. San Diego (1-4) took its only victory on Joe Niekro's third consecutive complete-game win. Even with top starters Ferguson Jenkins (injured thumb), Ken Holtzman (military service) and Bill Hands (sore throat) temporarily out of action, Chicago (4-2) widened its Eastern Division lead over New York (3-3). The Mets' Tim Lincecum recorded his 15th victory in one win, while light-hitting J. C. Martin won another with a two-run, two-out eighth-inning home run. "I was lucky," said Pittsburgh's (3-1) Mat-

thieu after his double set up the winning run in one game for the Pirates. Humility, not luck, is the name of Alou's game. The 155-pound bat-control batter has artfully rapped 150 hits this year and leads the league in hitting with a .350 average. St. Louis (1-1) remained 10 games behind, and the light hitting of \$45,000 shortstop Dal Maxvill was weaker than ever. Four for 36 in his last 18 games, he has seen his average drop to .167. Richie Allen returned to play on the rest of the season with Philadelphia (1-5) after losing \$11,882 in salary and a reported \$5,000 in fines. Montreal (1-3) could use that money. Mayor Jean Drapeau announced that the city is too poor to build a domed stadium, and the Expos may have to wait 10 years for a new park.

Standings: East: Chi 67, NY 55, St. 41, Phil 42, Pitt 37, Atl 36, LA 34, SD 33, SF 30, Cn 30, Mil 29, Hou 28, Cin 26, Bos 25.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Minnesota (4-2) Manager Billy Martin boasts his division is just as tough as the powerful East, which has the five top finishers from last year. Embarrassingly for Martin, his own division leaders despise his contention. The Twins have a 44-18 record against the West, only 17-21 versus Eastern teams. Last week, as the second round of interdivisional play began, the pattern continued. The best Martin's Twins could do was split four games with the East's last-place Indians, while the rest of the West's record was 8-12. Oakland (4-2) was the only team to have a winning record against Eastern clubs last week. The Athletics won three from the Senators, one coming on Catcher Hunter's four-hitter and another on Reggie Jackson's 18th home run. Gerry Mc-

Nerney's scoreless run double ended a five-run rally in one game for Seattle (2-4), and Lou Brock's three-run homer paced a six-run winning rally for the Pilots won two games from the Red Sox. California (1-3) picked up one of the West's other three victories when Andy Messersmith threw a two-hitter shutout. Chicago (0-6) and Kansas City (1-3) were outscored 48-15 and came up with just one win against the Orioles and Tigers. With Baltimore (4-1) gliding along 12½ games in front of the Eastern Division, the toughest problems for the Orioles were traffic jams and squirrels. A shift in police assignments has caused tie-ups on the roads around Memorial Stadium on game nights, while in the lights on the scoreboard have become jammed up, too. One theory to explain the failure of the electric scoreboard to operate properly is that squirrels are gnawing away the wiring. Tom Fresh's 345 hit, tying backfired Detroit's (4-2, below) strong pitching. Not even a .333 performance by Ichiro Horino could ease Cleveland (1-3) fans' displeasure with one of the poorest hitting regulars in the league. Ken Harrelson Harrelson received a tumultuous welcome to the Indians in April but now is the object of derogatory slogans. Read one anti-Harrelson sign: "HAWK IS A SPARROW." Mel Stottlemeier's 15th victory and two sharp relief jobs by Jack Aker, who allowed no runs in 6½ innings, moved New York (1-2) within 2½ games of fourth, as Washington (1-4) slumped below .500 for the first time in almost a month. Boston (3-2) dropped back from second to third as its pitchers gave up 25 runs to the expansion Pilots in four games.

Standings: East: Bal 69, NY 57, Det 52, Phil 50, Wash 37, St. 35, NY 34, Cin 30, Mil 29, Hou 28, Cal 26, Bos 25, Chi 24, SF 23, Cn 20, LA 19.

## HIGHLIGHT

Detroit Pitcher Denny McLain changes expensive habits with about the same frequency as he goes to the toilet bag. Last year 11-game-winner McLain's time was playing the organ. This season the rightfielder, who won his 19th game last week, has turned to flying his own plane. The movie critics who heard McLain at the organ generally called his act a bomb. Now his teammates give the same reviews to McLain for his airborne antics. He often disappears on game days to go flying, and earlier this year all the other Tigers warned impatiently about an airliner until McLain landed his Cessna and joined them. At the All-Star Game (page 12), McLain stranded Tiger Pitcher Mickey Lolich and his wife in Washington after promising the Loiches a plane ride back to Detroit. When Lolich complained of the inconvenience, McLain replied, "That's tough." Mickey later told Detroit columnist

Pete Waldmeir that McLain had pulled "a cunning trick. I want to see that in the paper. Denny never thinks of anyone but himself." The two ace pitchers later said they had patched up their differences, but other Tigers and the management are not happy about McLain's lack of interest in the team when he is not pitching. General Manager Jim Campbell has grounded McLain on game days and the atmosphere in the Detroit clubhouse leaves little doubt that some veterans may hate him if he should tumble from the top spot on the staff. He does not have far to fall because Lolich, usually a poor early season pitcher, started fast and is having his best season. Winding a 13-strikeout four-hitter last week in the 1968 World Series hero now stands 14-2, and his confidence is flying higher than McLain's plane. "After I won three games in the Series, I figured I shouldn't worry about American League hitters so much," he says. The batters, and perhaps McLain, are doing most of Lolich's worrying for him.



LOLICH: FLYING RIGHT

Nobody knew where that ancient hickory-shafted ladies' masher came from. It turned up one day in 1943 at Stalag Luft 3, Hitler's main prisoner-of-war camp for RAF officers in the forest of Sagan, and worked a remarkable change in the lives of hundreds of men.

Stalag Luft was one of the better camps. The *Luftwaffe*, which ran it, believed in a velvet glove policy toward POWs, on the principle that, if they were left alone and made reasonably content, their will to escape would be lessened. There was little of the bullying arrogance and stupidity common to other camps and, within severe limits, the prisoners could pursue their own activities. In their half-life of noise, dirt, insufficient food, discomfort and lack of privacy, what made life bearable for the prisoners of Stalag Luft was sport.

Soccer and Rugby—seven a side on a half-size pitch—softball, introduced by the Canadians and swiftly popular, and even cricket were played with an intensity and passion the like of which I have never seen since. Years of frustration were sublimated in games that could become tough and even brutal. The Germans soon banned Rugby because the sick quarters were filled with broken collarbones, torn ligaments and the rest.

One sport the camp failed to provide—at least before I got there—was golf. Then, shortly after I arrived, that little masher turned up! I seized on it like a starved dog would seize a bone. Eager to put it to proper use, I and another man, a journalist named Sydney Smith, made ourselves a ball by wrapping yards of string around a lump of wood and covering it with cloth. It was not much of a ball, but it served, and we chipped it 50 yards back and forth for hours and hours. Others wanted to play, but Smith was firm. "Go make your own balls," he said, "and we'll let you use the club." And so they did.

Within days several new balls appeared, some even better than ours. As more people began to swing that over-worked masher, we designed a course, using doors, tree stumps and telephone poles for holes. Soon there were 12 of us, enduring the tolerance and good-humored scorn of the rest of the camp. The game was revolutionized when Danny O'Brien, a scratch golfer in Scotland, used some strands of rubber in his ball and outlit us by miles. Like the golfers of old, who mistrusted the Has-

## Par for POW at the Stalag

by P. A. WARD-THOMAS

kell rubber-cored ball and bemoaned the passing of the gully, so we resented the usurping of string as the essential ingredient, but progress would not be stayed. By now balls were covered with elastoplast, the innovation of Ronnie Morgan, another scratch golfer, and tremendous pressure was put on the officer in charge of the medical stores for supplies, but this phase passed. The revolution in ballmaking was really under way, and the first one made entirely of rubber appeared.

The ingenuity of prisoners was considerable, and the collective skills of 800 men within a confined space were almost limitless. Within months ballmaking had become an art, rubber more precious than food or tobacco, and its value soared on the camp market exchange. It came from soles of shoes, tobacco pouches and air cushions, and people wrote home for these things to be sent in quarterly clothing parcels. Brand-new rubber-soled shoes would be torn to shreds on arrival, the precious rubber cut into thin strands with a razor blade, wound round a core of metal and covered with leather, usually from the shoes.

Trial and error soon achieved the right tension in the winding and the right weight. The method of covering was similar to that of a baseball: two figures of eight. Thread and twine became commodities precious beyond reckoning. Eventually we were making balls exactly to the British specifications of 1.62 ounces and 1.62 inches diameter. These homemade affairs would fly true and could be hit to within 10 to 20 yards of a proper ball with a medium iron. From dawn to dusk every day, balls of every kind flew like tracer bullets around the camp; the miracle of it was that no one

was seriously injured. Our finest ball-maker was an Australian named Sumson, and a sample of his work is now enshrined in the Royal and Ancient museum at St. Andrews.

Within a few months real balls began to arrive in answer to our fervent appeals to friends in Switzerland, Turkey, Britain and even some occupied countries. Better even than the new balls, some of our friends sent us real clubs and the precious masher could at last be rested. I calculated that it had hit more than 300,000 shots, been tossed from one player to another thousands of times and yet its sturdy little shaft never yielded. It must have been 15 years old.

Among the new clubs was a timber-shafted driver. Its use was banned because of potential lethal effect within so small a space, but temptation was too strong for me. One frozen day when everyone was inside I teed a real golf ball at one end of the camp and let fly. The ecstasy of that impact, the first full shot in four years, was unforgettable; so was the apprehension as it soared away in a great booming slice over the kitchen building. The inevitable plunk followed and, as I soon discovered, the occupants of the room had flung themselves down as the ball crashed through the window, thinking a bored guard had opened up with a gun.

The Germans protested against the breaking of windows, which was not as amusing as it seemed for they had to be boarded up with wood. The highlight of such episodes happened when a friend of mine shanked his tee shot into the window of a German lavatory in the kitchen building. An *Unteroffizier* was showered with glass, but the only repercussion was a request to move the tee. The original course included all kinds of spectacular holes, with blind shots over huts, but these had to be abandoned as more and more people played. Anyone standing by a window was in the target area.

Out of bounds was a far greater hazard than it ever is on a normal course. Inside the double barbed-wire fence surrounding the camp was a low rail, leaving a no-man's-land of some 10 yards width. If you stepped in this you could be shot. The Germans grew tired of fetching balls, so they gave us white coats to wear while retrieving them. This, in effect, was a parole that one would not attempt to escape. If a ball went over the

continued

outside wire, there was nothing for it but to wait for a passerby, sometimes guided by a guard from the watchtower, to throw it back.

As ball manufacture evolved, so did course architecture. Within months, greens—or rather browns—had been fashioned, roughly eight to 10 yards in diameter, with shallow banks around them. The sand surfaces, carefully smoothed, were true and fast for putting, especially when watered, and a nine-hole par-3 course of 900 yards emerged, with the longest hole about 150 yards. Even with a seven-iron, hitting these greens was not easy, but we became pretty accurate. I always recall my first game on a proper course after the war—the greens looked enormous, impossible to miss, but that illusion soon vanished.

Before the supply of clubs became plentiful, several artists made their own. Some were incredible contraptions. One, weighing about 20 ounces, became known as "Abort Anne." The patience, ingenuity and craftsmanship necessary to construct a playable club defies imagination when it is realized that the shafts were hand-carved from ice-hockey sticks, the heads molded from melted-down water jugs and stovepipes and the whole job done without any proper tools except a knife. The molds for casting the heads were made of soap or sand. At first it seemed impossible to make the heads strong enough without their being too heavy, but an American named Lee Usher and others succeeded, until the Germans unspectacularly objected to their stovepipes being sacrificed to the cause of golf.

Staling golf was wonderful for your game. At first, when we played with only the one club, real versatility of shot-making was needed: pitch, pitch and run, cut shots, explosions, puts—all of them with the masher. Competitions and exhibitions given by the best players always drew crowds, and few of us had any experience at being watched before, especially by highly critical people who knew you well. You learned to concentrate, just as in a tournament at home.

There was quite an atmosphere to it—the practicing before breakfast, the crowds, intent and silent, wearing only the scantiest of clothes; the players, working on every shot; and the sun so hot that you could scarcely walk on the sand barefoot. Reputations in a prison camp were jealously preserved; no one

wanted to make a fool of himself on the golf course any more than a professional does in public, and our public was always with us—a few feet away.

By the end of that first golfing summer, the disease had fairly taken root. More than 300 had played the course, causing problems of congestion and control far beyond those of any public links. Wherever one looked, someone was swinging a club or a piece of wood, having a lesson from one of the competitive aces, practicing shots or talking golf. We saturated ourselves in it, and people, who a few months earlier had never touched a club, talked glibly of draw, fade, shoulder turn, backspin and so on. Beginners had a great advantage over those at home: daily practice and constant tuition; one I knew shot in the 80s when he first played a proper course.

The Germans watched with the bored tolerance of attendants at a funny farm, little knowing that one of the most ingenious and daring escapes of the war was taking place right under their noses. All through the summer a wooden vaulting horse, with enclosed sides, was earned out each day to a point some 20 yards from the wire, behind the sixth green. It carried a man who for hours on end lay almost naked in a terribly confined space, always with the possibility of being buried alive, digging the tunnel, foot by foot, which took three men to escape and freedom. The venture became world famous as *The Wooden Horse*. Eric Williams, the leader, and his two companions were the only successful escapers from that compound. They completed the tunnel after months of labor, while a guard in the watchtower, not 30 yards away, looked down on the stupid British as they fooled around on the wooden horse, with the golfers passing by and the footballers and softballers on their nearby pitches.

When the tunnel was discovered after the three men had gone, the Germans threatened to close the golf course for good, because they thought it had been used as a blind for the tunnel. In fact, it had not. That would have been too obvious, as the Germans later realized. So, a few weeks later the browns were smoothed, the banks and bunkers rebuilt and the Sagan Golf Club was back in business once more. It remained active, a precious part of our lives, until the camp was captured by the Russians early in 1945.

END





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## Stirling Moss reports the Can-Am



Watching a Can-Am race is partly a matter of having a first-rate vantage point. Partly luck (looking in the right direction at the right time). But most of all, experience.

Just as a veteran driver uses experience and skill to win, the veteran spectator uses experience to watch. Experience helps the enthusiast get deeply involved in the race. It tells him what to look for and it tells him what effect any given happening will have on the race.

## What to watch for.

One important factor to keep in mind is the times turned in by the cars on practice laps versus lap times during the race. With this knowledge you might be able to see the strategy a team is using (going all out, sandbagging, etc.). It can also tell you what a particular car is capable of when the driver really tries. On the other hand, one fast lap doesn't make a winner. It is being consistently fast that's the true test and the mark of an excellent driver.

Another thing to watch is the driver's head movements. If he is constantly checking his car, his instruments, or his engine, there's a good chance he feels there is something wrong and it might have an important influence on the outcome of the race.

Also keep an eye on the pits. Activity by the pit crew could mean a pit stop is forthcoming. But if the car is not due for a stop, then it could mean the driver is experiencing problems, and the crew is getting ready, just in case. Once a car is in the pits watch what the crew is doing to the car.

If the hood comes up, tires are changed, or if the car is leaking fluid, it could indicate something of a major problem.

Being able to tell the sound of a good engine is another skill which proves valuable. Most engines, no doubt, will sound the same to the untrained ear. The most obvious sounds to listen for are in the last 500 rpm before shifting. A fluttering or cracking from the engine before its peak can mean a number of problems, all quite serious, some terminal. Also note the way a driver takes the curves and the turns. A

good driver brakes for the curve only at the last possible second, and accelerates through the curve. As he leaves the curve he normally doesn't feather the gas pedal, but rather uses it as soon and as hard as he can. Thus gaining quite a lot of time on the younger and less experienced driver. Girls also fall into the category of curves to watch, and the spectator should proportion a part of his viewing time accordingly. The better the curve, the more the attention needed!

In the four years I've been Consultant to the Can-Am, I've also been Racing Director for the Johnson Wax People, sponsor of the Can-Am series. And with that experience, I've come to know the difference between ordinary waxes and the best ones. That's why I recommend J/Wax Kit. It's pre-softened to go on easily and wipes off to give a real paste wax shine. Beautiful, but hard as nails. With a Kit shine on your car, you'll look as good as any car on the track.



## Speed is J/Wax Kit

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## GOOD NEWS

Sirs,

I read with great interest the short article, "A National Disgrace," in your SCOTLAND section (July 7). I too have been dismayed at the way many U.S. basketball teams have been selected and have played in international competition. However, the "shoddy approach" you mentioned has not been true in the case of an NAIA all-star team, made up of players selected from small colleges, which recently returned from a 19-day tour of Czechoslovakia.

This trip was sponsored jointly by the NAIA, the AAU and the colleges of the players selected. Twelve practice sessions were held on the Lakeland College campus prior to the June 6 departure for Europe. This team played outstanding basketball and won eight of nine games against the top club and university teams of Czechoslovakia, including two of three games against the European champion Slavia Prague team. Slavia Prague was undefeated in a 12-game trip to the U.S. last December.

The news media of Czechoslovakia were most favorable in their reporting of our games, and the 20,000-plus fans who saw our squad in action saw good and exciting basketball. Our players were truly outstanding representatives of the U.S., their schools and of American basketball. Unfortunately, all too often good experiences such as our trip go unreported.

DUANE A. WERTZEN  
Director of Athletics  
Lakeland College

Shelbogan, Wis.

## SPEARHEADS

Sirs,

My thanks to Jerry Kirshenbaum for a fine article on javelin throwing (*The're All Out on Launch*, July 21). I must admit to being prejudiced because the javelin was my event in high school and college, and I have always enjoyed participating in and watching the event. I can truly understand Mark Munro when he says, "I like to see it floating out there, climbing and gliding." When I gave up competition I thought that I would still be able to at least watch the event and really see what a throw looked like from the side.

Not being able to travel enough to see the big meets in person, I am sorrowfully dependent upon television, which seems to ignore this event completely. I waited impatiently for the javelin coverage in the '68 Olympics, but one event was cut out of the TV coverage—and wouldn't you know which one it was. I used to believe that the javelin event was ignored because the U.S. had no one of world-record ability—the old

American saying "If we aren't good at it, what good is it?" But after noticing the recent achievements by our own javelin men and after reading Kirshenbaum's article, I figured my chances were great for seeing it included in the TV coverage of the U.S.-U.S.S.R.-British Commonwealth meet. I can't say they left it out completely, the TV announcer did say, during the wrap-ups, that Kusos won the javelin with a throw in the 270s.

Thanks again, Jerry Kirshenbaum, for your help. Maybe one of these days I'll be able to watch a televised meet and see someone throw the javelin. Maybe.

Jack Konz

Chicago

Sirs,

I wish to register a complaint on your statement that a 300-foot javelin throw is equivalent to achieving "an end-zone-to-end-zone distance with a propensity twice as heavy as the football that pro quarterbacks strain to throw half as far."

May I remind you that pro quarterbacks must throw the football in a neat spiral, with pinpoint accuracy while a mad bunch of opposing defensive linemen harass them?

DAN PASIOR

Yardley, Pa.

Sirs,

It is very nice to say that Jorma Kintanen can throw a javelin over 300 feet and that Mark Munro is a step away from equalling this mighty feat. However, even you admit that today's javelinists are being designed with a goal of "superior aerodynamic properties" in mind. These aerodynamic properties, as you also state, make the javelin go farther and thereby make 300-foot throws possible. It is therefore impossible to determine how mighty the javelin thrower is compared with athletes in other events. What I would like to know is how far can potential record breaker Mark Munro throw a softball?

DONALD HERZOG

Valley Stream, N.Y.

## HAWK

Sirs,

I was able to better understand Ken Harrelson and his interpretation of events when I noticed that the "roses" he claimed to have received at the Cleveland airport were actually carnations (*I Just Couldn't Believe My Eyes*, July 21). But it would seem that the Hawk sees more than just flowers through rose-colored glasses.

For instance, by stating that he is "the second best hitter in the league," he clearly exaggerates his skills while ignoring the su-

perior ones of several players on the Boston team he so painfully left. As a group, Messers Yastrzemski, Petrocelli, Smith and Conigharo are averaging .290 with 21.5 home runs and 59.25 runs batted in apiece. The "second best hitter in the league," meanwhile, is sporting a .203 batting average with 18 home runs and 53 runs batted in (as of July 19).

What Ken Harrelson does best is to add color to the game at a time when it is in great need of personalities. Baseball's history is predominantly one of individual accomplishments and the lore surrounding those individuals. Ken represents an interesting page in this history. So, you handsome sonofagun, don't you ever die.

MARK L. O'CONNELL

Bladensburg, Md.

Sirs,

"Hawk! Hawk! Hawk!" That's how they cheer him now. Soon they will drop the letter "k."

M. J. ROSENBERG

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs,

Although I do not doubt the validity of most of the Hawk's statements, I must disagree with one of them. He was not the most sought-after quarterback in the state of Georgia or even in Savannah. I was.

LARRY THOMPSON

Savannah

## POACHED CATS

Sirs,

Congratulations on your article, *Natural Frights of Wild Cats* (July 14). If women would confine themselves to wearing furs and leathers taken from animals raised for these purposes, the market for poached furs would disappear and the animals would have a chance to come back. The famous example, of course, is the saving of the egret.

I say bravo to Jacques Kaplan and I urge all women to follow his principles.

ELLEN F. SPALT

Plainfield, N.J.

Sirs,

Hooray for a long-overdue article! Not all women, however, are as vain as those you refer to in your article. Some still believe that leopard and cheetah skins look much better on their original and rightful owners. I'm one of them, and I'm not some old crone who's a nut about cats. I'm 33 and would look smashing in a leopard coat, except that I'd feel sick about wearing one.

MISS VERNON B. GRIER  
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

# WHITE MAN GO HOME

Sure.  
Re "War Canoes on the Moose" (SCORECARD, July 14), there is a very simple solution to the problem of depletion of the Atlantic salmon in Canada's Moose River, without resorting to a hitherto neglected law preventing the Montagnais Indians from netting them. Simply ban the sports fishermen. A good beginning place might be "the famous Moose Salmon Club, owned by wealthy Americans."

JOHN JEROME

Franklin, N.H.

Sure!

The only way to solve the problem is to allow only Montagnais to fish or net in the Moose River. It seems that the Indians always had enough to eat until the invaders from Europe moved in. The white men, or I should say non-Indians, are the ones who should be arrested for fishing. After all, they are able to go to a store to buy the food which they can afford and the Indian very often cannot.

LUCY POWOWSKI

Nashua, N.H.

## NEEDLER AND PILLS (CONT.)

Sure:

I must disagree with one of your readers who says in a recent letter (19th Hunt, July 14) that drugs are acceptable if they aid a runner's mental outlook, i.e., drugs designed to "mask [the] pain" in order for the athlete to compete closer to his physical peak.

As a 1.56 high school half-miler, I feel as qualified to speak on pain as the 4:28 miler who wrote the letter in question. I have found running to be as much a mental exercise as a physical one. A runner's ability to psych himself up for races and workouts is nearly as important as his lactic acid buildup or his oxygen debt or some other ultratechnical aspect of running.

Until this season, I was a very poor miler, but I worked hard and occasionally did fairly well. Unfortunately, I continuously psyched myself out. I could never reach my potential. Had I popped some benies, perhaps I could have. However, would I have been doing the running or would it have been a mannequin, stoned into a hazy world of speed?

Why train if one can take a drug that relieves the pain? What is the accomplishment of a drugged victory?

I understand your letter writer feels that drugs should not be taken in place of training and that he does not personally use drugs. Nevertheless, justification of their use in sports is not possible, whether or not their "long-range effects are . . . negligible. . . ."

BILL WILLIAMS

Boston, Rhode

continued



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19TH HOLE

### LOVE TWO

Sirs:  
I should like to add a footnote to Kim Chapman's splendid and intriguing coverage of Wimbledon tennis (*Another Redheaded Leaver*, July 14). I have seen Arthur Ashe play numerous matches, losing some, winning some, and I have yet to see a more smilingly gracious loser or a more self-effacingly modest winner. And that in itself must represent some kind of victory.

G.M.W. Koarf

New York City

### Sirs:

Seven years ago, in your pre-Forest Hills issue, you ran on your cover a picture of Helga Schultze of West Germany under the title, "The Loveliest in World Tennis" (Aug. 27, 1962). Since my memory completely fails me, no girl tennis star has since graced the cover of *SL*. Now with the tennis world preparing for the biggest Forest Hills tournament ever, I would like to suggest a truly lovely way to break this drought.



KERRY MELVILLE

My offering is Kerry Melville of Melbourne, Australia. She is 21 years old and has been charming the international circuit for about three years. Kerry can also play tennis. She ranks among the fringes of the world's top 10 and has beaten Billie Jean King (among others) twice in the past year. At the recent Wimbledon Open, Kerry was seeded sixth but lost to Rosemary Casals in the second round.

In the past your cover has been crashed by girl skiers, girl golfers, girl swimmers, girl figure skaters, girl track stars and even (in 1963) a girl archer. On behalf of all tennis buffs, I implore you—it's time you satiated our seven-year itch!

WILLIAM J. LINN

Hartford, Conn.

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